

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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Price 7 Cents

BUFFALO CHARLIE;

THE YOUNG HUNTER (A TRUE STORY OF THE WEST)

JOHN B. SOUL

AND OTHER STORIES



The fire was intended to consume our hero. Dropping both gun and pistol, with his two long arms the hunter flung the blazing faggots right and left until he had cleared them from about the feet of the intended victim.

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BUFFALO CHARLIE

THE YOUNG HUNTER

By AN OLD SCOUT

CHAPTER I.—The Young Hunter.

And endless sea of prairie extended off toward the south. Great towering mountains were on the west, while north and east there was a blue smoky line, indicating the course of a stream of considerable size. The timber which invariably skirts the stream of the West was plainly to be seen. High above the surrounding country was a plateau, the surface of which was so small on that that it seemed like some huge boulder either dropped down from above or upheaved from below. The top of the plateau was principally stone, and looked, in some places, as if it might be one solid boulder. There was a small amount of soil on the top and along the edges, blown there by the winds and moistened by the rains of over a thousand years. Along the edges of this great rock were small groups of stunted cedar and other scrub brushes indigenous to the soil and climate. The tall grass waving from the south could be seen as far as human eye could reach, while on the north and east there were groves of bushes and trees.

A young man or large boy, for he could pass very well for either, stood upon the boulder. He was attired in the usual hunter's costume of the Far West, and carried on his right shoulder the never-failing rifle. The rifle was one of modern make, and one of the very best in use. About the waist was a strong leathern belt supporting two revolvers and a sharp hunting-knife. He was medium size, rather stout, with dark auburn hair, and eyes which it was difficult to decide upon. They might be brown, blue or gray. Be the color whatever it might, the eyes were keen, and the beardless face expressed an amount of sturdiness that was remarkable.

This boy, or man, whatever it may be our desire to call him, was not yet in the zenith of his glory. He had not won that name which was to give him a world-wide renown. He was simply known as Charley, the boy who had killed so many buffaloes, and was spoken of as an excellent hunter for one so young. Perhaps there was no one on the plains who had killed half so many bison as he. Below him, upon the north side of this little plateau, stood an Indian pony, rather larger than the ordinary size of Indian ponies, and possessing great speed and powers of endurance.

"There must be some bufflers over there," said Charley to himself, as he gazed off across the

great plain to where a small cloud seemed rising just on the horizon. "I can hardly give up the day without some sport. Aha, yes, by ginger, it's bufflers on a stampede, too. Why, what the thunder can bring 'em this way?"

Buffalo Charley was always noted for his headlong impetuosity. It amounted at times to a carelessness which was almost reckless. The sight of game, the prospect of sport, and the hopes of a dash across the plains, with his rifle and pistols ringing out death-notes to the huge bison, was almost enough to set him wild.

"Bufflers, bufflers, by ginger, Cricket!" he shouted, turning to where his pony stood restlessly stamping the ground and sniffing the air. "Aye, old boy, you scent the sport afar. You know what is to come."

He walked quickly across the plateau, and descended what almost seemed a natural stairway of stone steps. Once more he hurried across the small plain to where Cricket—the pony—stood stamping the ground restlessly, and snuffing the air.

"Whoa, Cricket, my good boy; just do you stand patiently, and we will soon be after them," said Charley, releasing the pony from the small tree to which he was tied. Placing his foot in the stirrup, he vaulted in the saddle; the spirited horse would have bounded away, and been across the prairie like an arrow, had not Charley held him reined in.

"Wait, my boy, wait," he said, "do not be so impatient as to drive the animals away. When they are at a proper distance we will make our charge."

The herd of buffaloes was now near enough for the roar of their hoofs to be plainly heard. A single false step might prove fatal to the young hunter's plans. He rode up behind a small thicket, just near enough not to be seen by the animals, and being to windward he thought there could be little danger of being discovered. He could see the herd dashing on wildly, madly toward the great boulder plateau. There was nothing visible from the immense cloud of dust save horns, hoofs and tails.

"It's a large herd, Cricket, and they come as if Old Nick was after 'em."

It would have been much better for the young hunter to have inquired of himself if it were not possible for some persons to be after the herd.

"Steady, Cricket, you little fool," said Charley.

"Do you want to dash out there and skeer the animals all over the plains?"

The spirited little steed was sniffing the air and plunging about in a number of ungraceful ways. Down came the herd. Nearer and nearer, until the very earth seemed to quake beneath their thundering tread.

"By ginger, there must be a thousand o' 'em," said the youthful hunter. It made but little difference of this daring hunter whether there were ten beasts or ten thousand. He had determined to bring down a large bull which seemed to be the leader. When they were within about three hundred yards of the plateau, the anxious little Cricket, with his daring rider on his back, darted out from the thicket directly toward the leader of the herd.

"Ho—ho—so boss—halt, will ye?" shouted Buffalo Charley, somewhat defiantly, bringing his rifle around to the front. Without the least checking the speed of his horse, Buffalo Charley raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"Crack!" loud, sharp and keen rang the shot out over the plain. With a terrible bellow the large bull, which seemed leader of the immense herd plunged forward upon his knees, and was immediately run over and trampled down by his frightened companions.

"What in the deuce can have put Old Nick into the varmints?" said Buffalo Charley. "I expected they'd turn about and separate, but there they come like a thunderbolt. I guess, Cricket, we'd better git out o' the way."

He wheeled his horse about and galloped away in front of the flying herd. Although Buffalo Charley was in some danger, he felt no uneasiness. The dash in front of the flying hoofs and horns, with the stiff breeze of the plains, seemed exhilarating. He knew that if they could reach the great boulder, he could get upon the opposite side of it and be safe.

"Come on, old short-horns!" he shouted, holding his gun aloft and waving it in the air. "By ginger, I kin lead ye a merry chase."

He galloped up to the perpendicular stone forming the plateau. Turning about, he noticed that the buffaloes had already begun to separate. While they would charge directly over a man and horse, they would not dash themselves against a wall of stone. Hastily placing a cartridge in his breech-loading rifle, he prepared to send another of the animals to the earth. But there was something that prevented his firing. He thought that it would be better to reserve his fire for something, or some things in the rear. What it was his vague suspicions alone suggested was confirmed a few minutes later by a chorus of terrific yells.

"Indians, by ginger, Chickit!" cried Charley.

The horse seemed to realize that danger was near, and began to sniff the air anew, and paw the earth in his restlessness.

"Be still, Cricket. Save yourself, for if it proves to be the Sioux we may hev enough to do without wastin' your strength pawin' the ground."

With wild snorts and bellows the herd divided, passing on the right and left, leaving clouds of dust about the great standing stone. With many a whoop and yell, the Indians came on. Charley,

in a few moments, ascertained that they were Sioux, and at least a score in number.

"The cursed Sioux might take a notion to scalp a feller, but they seemed to be peaceable to our people when they met 'em, yet, durn 'em, they are all'us ready to do some devilment. Guess, Cricket, we'll vamoose."

Wheeling off at a right angle, the daring young hunter thundered away as fast as his horse could go. A chorus of yells and half a dozen rifle-shots rang out in his rear, while an arrow whistled through his coon-skin cap.

CHAPTER II.—A Shocking Sight.

"Well, boy," said the youthful hunter, "that's cuttin' pretty close."

Buffalo Charley spoke in an almost reckless manner, but he was far from being reckless. Great hunters and brave men are never reckless. They are daring and brave, yet cautious. Bravery tempered with cautiousness makes a man almost irresistible. With his rifle in his hand, and fully alive to the danger in his rear, our hero galloped across the plain, the hooting and yelling savages coming after him as hard as their horses could go.

"Crack, bang, bang!" went the guns of the enemy. The bullets came whiz, zip, zip about the ears of the flying man.

"Cricket, we will be compelled to learn these fellows a lesson."

"Whiz!" came an arrow so near that it touched Charley's left shoulder.

"Cuss that redskin!" cried the hunter. "Now ef they git me riled they'll repent it, sure's they're born."

Forward he thundered as fast as Cricket could carry him toward the thicket nearest the head of a small wooded stream.

"Ye'd better keep back thar, ye tarnal redskins," yelled Charley.

Defiant yells was the only reply, and the savages lashed their horses furiously. An Indian can usually get more speed out of a horse than any white man, and these savages, their eyes blazing with hate, were doing their best to overtake the young hunter. As yet Charley had not returned a shot. He would have been foolish not to have admitted that he was in the greatest peril. With whoops and yells the savages left the buffaloes they were chasing and, to a man, pursued the hunter. Charley reached the thicket and plunged into it just as a dozen rifle bullets whistled about his ears, and cut the small branches from the trees, dropping them about his head and shoulders. It is in such moments of deadly peril when the true courage and judgment of a brave man are displayed. It would not have been bravery to have faced about and charged the enemy, but a foolhardiness which was only to be met with certain death.

A brave man, in moments of such deadly peril, will only do the best he can. If they die they will die bravely, and not cowardly lament their fate in advance, or implore mercy which will not be given, or equally as foolish, dash at the foe and receive their death in advance of their time. Through the bushes and down along the banks

of a wooded creek he flew. The hooting and yelling Indians were into the thicket and still within long rifle range. Crack! Whiz! A bullet struck the side of his cap, and struck a tree a few rods in advance, sending the dust and bark flying in his face as he flew by it.

"Cricket, old boy!" said the youth, as if he was talking to some intelligent companion, "we must stop that."

He suddenly wheeled his pony about, and brought up at the side of a tree facing the foe. The movement was made in an instant. As he came around face to the foe his gun was alongside the tree, and his eye glancing along the barrel. Buffalo Charley had never yet killed an Indian, but now his time had come. He felt that it was most clearly a case of self-defense, and he was fully justified in the act. His nerves were steady and his aim unerring. His finger pressed the trigger. Crack! Sharp and keen rang out the report, and a little whiff of smoke ascended from the muzzle of his rifle. With a howl of rage and pain the foremost savage, at whom he had fired, flung his hands wildly up in the air, and plunged headfirst to the ground. He struck at the root of a tree, and lay a quivering mass upon the ground.

The savages paused a moment, perhaps appalled at the fate of their companions, then with yells and howls of rage they once more thundered after the flying man. Before the victim of his unerring shot had touched the ground, the youthful hunter had wheeled about his horse and was speeding away like the wind. Crack, crack; came two more shots whistling through the air. Our hero had gained considerable by his shot. Not only had he reduced the number of his pursuers one, and gained on them by the halt, but he had proved to them that he was dangerous, and made his foes more wary.

"They will not be so anxious, Cricket, to crowd about our heels," said the young hunter. "Darn it, one has gone to the happy huntin'-grounds."

Forward he dashed. There was a new danger rising before him. That danger was terrible in the extreme. No more nor less than a steep precipice, looming up before them. The savages had pressed him forward and flanked him right and left. His peril now was extreme.

"Confound it," he muttered, "why did I not think o' that precipice afore. Darn it, it's thirty feet down, and there's no other show but to gallop right over it."

With a yell to Cricket, which meant do or die, he dashed directly forward. Shouting and screaming savages came on in his rear. Swinging his rifle over his shoulder, Buffalo Charley drew his heavy revolver, and turning in his saddle, fired three shots in rapid succession. He had only time to catch a glimpse through the smoke of one horse down and another riderless, plunging to the rear, when the three little puffs of smoke spread into a cloud and shut off the rear. Forward went Cricket. The brink of the terrible abyss is reached. For a second only the horse pauses trembling on the verge. With a shout the hunter plunges his spurs into the frightened animal's flanks, and uttering a sharp, peculiar cry, such as only a horse utters when in great pain or fear, Cricket leaped over the precipice with his daring rider. That leap might

be made a thousand times with less success than the present. In fact, there was but one chance in a thousand of the horse and rider both being saved. But Charley took that chance and won.

Cricket sprang far out into the air, and dropped upon the sand, instead of the sharp rocks close to the precipice. It is true he sank to his knees, fell over upon his side, and sent his rider headlong from the saddle, but neither were even badly stunned, and in a moment both were on their feet. Ascertaining that no bones were broken, and not stopping to count bruises or sprains, Buffalo Charley climbed into the saddle.

"Hey, Cricket, old boy," he said to his trembling horse, "we will teach the darned redskins a lesson yet. You bet we will, old feller."

Sitting erect, his rifle and revolver ready, he galloped down the dry bed of a creek at the foot of the precipice. The Indians paused appalled on the brink of the precipice. One of their number had been killed, another wounded, and the person whom they were pursuing had made the most daring leap they had ever witnessed. Not one of them dared follow him; but several whose guns were loaded sprang to the ground and began to take positions so as to get a fair aim at him.

With a shout of defiance the youthful hunter galloped down the rocky bed of the creek, and the shots fired at him flew wide of the mark. It was at least ten miles around to where the savages could descend to him, and Charley knew he was safe the moment he was beyond range of their rifles. He determined now to return home and abandon for the present the hunt. Buffalo Charley was the son of a pioneer who lived on a tributary of the Yellowstone far beyond the borders of civilization. He was the oldest child in the family, and his father, brave and hardy, regarded the youth with no little pride. Well he might, for Charley was a hunter born. He loved his parents and three brothers and sister. The youngest was not over three years old at the time of the commencement of our story.

It was with no little uneasiness that Charley made his way toward his father's cabin. If the Sioux were on the war-path, what was there to hinder them from sweeping down upon the little unprotected cabin and killing its inmates? He was several miles from his home when the chase began, and where he had leaped down the clip was still further; but Charley emerged from below as soon as he could, and began a circuitous route on his way home. It was almost night before the beloved spot was in sight. Then, oh, what a sight greeted his vision. It is a sight as common to border warfare as it is terrible, and one which has often been described. The fiends had been there at their terrible work.

"Oh, God!" groaned the youth, clasping his hands to his eyes and falling forward upon his horse. "Too late, too late. Heavens, how I wish I had been here to die with them or saved them from death. I swear they shall be avenged!"

CHAPTER III.—At the Stake.

The cabin, which had been the home of Buffalo Charley's father and family for years, was a heap of smoldering ruins. There were ghastly forms stretched about the green blood-soaked sod.

"Oh, my God, help me to bear it," groaned the youthful hunter, throwing himself from the horse to the ground by the side of a corpse which, notwithstanding its mangled condition, he recognized as his father. He had a bullet hole in the breast, a shot in the left eye, and his skull was cleft with a blow from a tomahawk.

"Fiends, devils that you are!" cried the youth, as he knelt by the side of his murdered father and grasped his clay-cold hand in his. "You shall pay dearly for this. Henceforth my life shall be devoted to killing redskins."

The hands of the husband and father were clutched about his empty rifle, and the pools of blood and broken, bloody stock told that he had not died in vain.

"Father, would to Heaven I had been here with you. Would that my arm could have struck out in defense of those whom we loved best. Would that I could have died here at your side, and as brave as you!"

But a short distance from the father lay Charley's mother. A tomahawk had been deeply sunk in her head, and the reeking scalp tore from it. The little fair-haired child, the youngest and baby of the family, lay so near the mother, that our hero reasoned that it must have been in her arms when she was struck down. A brother, twelve years old, lay, pierced by several bullets, near an ax covered with blood. He could reason how bravely the little fellow had sold his life. The other members of the family were scattered about in such a way as to lead the young hunter to believe that they had remained in the house until it was in flames, and were killed upon emerging from the burning building. Even the little golden-haired babe was scalped.

It was a shocking sight to that tender-hearted son and brother. He did not pause long to weep. Near where the barn had stood, but which was now a heap of smoldering ruins, he found a spade. He dug one long, wide grave, and in it interred every relative he had on earth. He covered them with boards, and lay hay upon the boards. Then he heaped the earth upon them. Higher and higher rose the mound. All night long he labored, even bringing stones and laying them about upon the mound of earth until it was completely covered. This was done in order to keep away the wolves and ravenous beasts which would sometimes exhume dead bodies.

The bright sun rose in the east, and was flooding plain, forest and hills with golden light ere the task of Buffalo Charley was done. When the task was at last completed, he threw himself upon his knees by the side of the new-made mound, and with clasped hands, and eyes raised toward Heaven, he cried:

"Oh, Father of the Universe, aid me in this, my sorest trial. Father, mother, brothers and sister, I swear you shall be revenged. I will follow these demons through years of war and peace, and a red devil shall die for every hair upon your precious heads. They shall loose rivers of blood for this which has sprinkled the sod. God of vengeance and mercy aid me."

He arose to his feet. A whinnying noise attracted his attention to Cricket. The poor animal had gone for several hours without food, and was really suffering.

"There is but little to eat here, Cricket, for

either you or I," said Charley, looking about over the scene of desolation. Then he happened to remember a field of corn his father had across the creek. He sprang in the saddle and galloped across to it. Here was food for both. The corn was in the roasting ear, and full of rich milk and starch. He made a small fire and roasted some of the ears for his breakfast, while he gave to Cricket a sufficient amount to make him an excellent meal. Buffalo Charley was alone in a great wilderness, for his father's cabin was the only white habitation within forty miles. He felt that he was in the midst of a wily and dangerous foe, but for once in his life there was a peculiar recklessness about him which was dangerous to himself and his enemies.

"Cricket, poor boy," he said sadly, "you seem to realize how terrible the blow has fallen. You know that all we loved are gone. That you and I stand alone in the world. You have only me, and I only you, but we will make it lively yet for the pesky redskins."

Dinner over, he tightened up the girth of his saddle, and sprang upon the back of his lively Cricket. Away across the plain he sped. The evening sun was setting, and his last rays lighted upon a small mound. It was an artificial mound, the one the hands of Buffalo Charley had reared above the bodies of his murdered relatives. Forth from the thicket, near where the cabin stood but a few hours before, stalked an Indian brave. Tall and majestic, one of nature's noblemen, he strode toward the mound. He paused when near it, and by a quick gesture brought five warriors from the woods. All six advanced toward the late scene of ruin and death. Perhaps they did not hear the tread of a single horse on the opposite side of the clearing. And doubtless they did not know that a pair of eyes, bright with the hope of vengeance, was gleaming from the woods at them.

Buffalo Charley had returned at the close of the day, determined if a red foe came near the grave of his hallowed dead, to send a bullet through his heart. By some strange coincidence the very same Indians who committed the murder had returned, no doubt to see if the young hunter who was absent at the time of the massacre had come back. Buffalo Charley recognized the chief as one who had been at his father's house several days before. He had come with lies on his tongue and honeyed words of peace. Gray Hawk then was the real murderer. The object of the murder was without doubt plunder, as Charley's father had never yet quarrelled with any of the savages.

"Ugh!" grunted the chief, as he paused near the new-made mound. "White brave been here."

"Papoose," grunted another. "Papoose gone, come back."

"Not here now—ugh!"

"I guess he is here, you red limb o' Satan," said Buffalo Charley, cocking his rifle.

The Indians went around the mound and inspected it closely. The chief, Gray Hawk, shook his head gravely, and then clapped his hands. Then more braves instantly sprang from the thicket, and gather about the grave. They at once began a most excited jabbering, not a word of which Charley could understand, although he was tolerably familiar with the Sioux tongue.

Suddenly one of the savages sprang upon the grave, and began throwing away the rocks and earth. This was too much for Buffalo Charley. His rifle was aimed at the man's breast, and a stunning report shook the air. With a half-stifled cry the Indian fell and rolled from the mound. His companions started up with a wild shout, and saw the blue whiff of smoke issuing from the thicket whence the shot had come.

Buffalo Charley had left his horse a few rods back, when he crept forward to get his shot. Now, fully realizing his danger, he sprang to his feet, and started to run for Cricket. Crack! Crack! Crack! rang out a volley of rifle shots, and the bullets spattered about him like hail. The Indians had discovered him, and with shouts and cries were in hot pursuit. Charley was a swift runner, and would soon have been out of the way had not he struck his foot against the grass his young brothers had tied a few days before, which hurled him headlong to the ground. He fell with such force that he was almost insensible, and Gray Hawk was on him before he could regain his feet. It seemed that a thousand dancing, yelling fiends were around him. He was soon bound hand and foot.

What would they do with him? He knew that some terrible fate was in store. The Indians jabbered until long after nightfall, and then dragged him up the creek about two miles. All arms and ammunition were taken from him, and he was tied to a tree. A large quantity of wood and dry chips was heaped about him and fire set to them. He saw the small, trembling flame grow brighter and brighter as it licked his boot-tops. If he only had free use of his feet he could kick it away, but the thongs held him fast, and the flames began to crackle and roar about him.

CHAPTER IV.—Charley and Backwoods Dan.

It is not pleasant to be menaced with certain death, but when it comes in a form so terrible as burning at the stake, the thought it almost unendurable. Buffalo Charley stood with his back against the tree, the flames hissing, roaring about him, and even singeing his pantaloons.

"God have mercy upon my soul!" he mentally ejaculated. "This is terrible!"

Yet he stoically determined that no groan or outcry should issue from his mouth. The Indians lighted their pipes, and sat coolly about the fire, jabbering so rapidly that no one, unless an expert in the Sioux dialect, could understand what they were saying. They seemed like men who had just finished a job of work, and had now sat down to talk it over.

"You infernal scoundrels!" hissed Charley through his tightly clenched teeth. "If I only had my liberty for a few moments, and a pair of navy revolvers, I'd make it extremely hot for you."

The Indians either did not hear, or hearing, deigned not to answer to his threat. They continued to jabber and smoke in perfect indifference.

"You infernal mahogany-skinned vipers o' the wilderness!" shrieked Charley at the top of his voice. "You confounded scoundrels, you wretches,

do you think I'm a raccoon to be roasted alive? Ouch! jemminy! That's burnin' my knee! Curse you! What the thunder do you mean?"

He strove to kick the fire away, and succeeded in removing one blazing stick so it just touched his boot leg, but he was so firmly tied with the deer-skin throngs that he could not get a fair kick at the fire.

"Blast you, ding you for a set of red heathens. Oh, if I only had free use o' my runnin' members I'd learn ye how fast a chap could get over the ground! You'd think a grayhound or antelope was nothin' compared to me. I'll get even with ye get, dod burn your blasted souls!"

The smoke rolled up in one vast column, growing red with heat, into the face of the man who was tied to the tree.

"Kerchew! Curse ye—dod burn ye—do ye intend to smother me to death with smoke?" roared Charley, now making frantic efforts to free himself.

Kick, scramble, and tear at his bonds as he would, the young hunter was held fast. To remember that Gray Hawk, the traitor and murdered of his parents, was to be his executioner almost maddened the youth. The red-skinned, red-handed villain, determined on the destruction of a family that had always fed him and been kind to him, sat coolly in front of the fire, as if it was deer instead of a human being they were roasting. To add to the horror and indignation of the doomed and dying youth, he recognized the scalps of his father and mother hanging at the belt of the savage. Oh, how his soul boiled with indignation. He could have died a thousand deaths at the stake to have had one moment at this cowardly Indian chief. There was the scalp of his brave brother, and the soft, sodden locks of the youngest child of the family.

"Gray Hawk!" he shouted, "you are a coward!—a wretched, pitiful coward! You have none o' the principles o' a brave about ye! You infernal bloodhounds, I kin lick a ten-acre field full o' sich blasted, infernal red niggers as ye are!"

No attention was paid to him whatever. One of the savages arose and put the sticks close up around his legs and feet. The fire now began to reach his boots, and he could hardly avoid being burned to a crisp in the next few minutes.

"Oh, God, have mercy upon me!" ejaculated the despairing youth, turning his eyes heavenward. "I will perish sure. These fiends know not the meaning of remorse or conscience."

To the youthful life is always sweet; it makes no difference how hard our lot, we hope for better, and live on hoping to the end. Notwithstanding our many thousands of disappointments, we live on hoping, hoping, and hoping to the end. To the old death has its terrors. No one can plunge in the cold river of death without a shudder. Just as our hero had despaired of ever escaping, just as all hope was gone—

"Crack!" rang out a rifle shot.

One of the savages who stood up to stir the fire suddenly plunged forward and fell upon his face. The others, with a yell, grasped their rifles. Crack! Crack! Crack! Three shots whistled among the dusky group with fatal precision. A second fell dead, a third badly wounded, while Gray Hawk's cheek was slit by a bullet.

The doughty chieftain gave utterance to a terrific yell as he fled, followed by all who were able to get away. But two or three random shots were fired, and in fact some of the Indians left their rifles on the ground where they had been sitting. With a shout, a tall powerful man dressed in hunter's costume, with an empty rifle in one hand, and a smoking revolver in the other, burst from the forest into the circle of the fire which was intended to consume our hero. Dropping both gun and pistol, with his two long arms the hunter flung the blazing fagots right and left until he had cleared them from about the feet of the intended victim.

"Waal, I be gawl darned, youngster, ef it wasn't a clus shave."

"Yes," said Charley, hardly able to comprehend that he was really saved. "I really owe my life to you, sir. Ye've saved my life, an' it's yours."

"Tut, tut, sich nonsense. I've not done morn'n any other human bein' would 'a' done," said the tall hunter, whipping out his knife and cutting loose the thongs which bound Buffalo Charley to the tree. Charley came forth like a Phoenix from the fiery element. The blazing fogots were scattered on every side, and, although the clothing of our hero was sorched and burning in several places, his flesh had sustained but very slight injury.

"Where in the thunder are these cussed red-skins?" he said, snatching up his Winchester rifle, which the Indians had left upon the ground. "Jest let me catch sight o' one o' their ugly carcasses an' ef I don't fill it so full o' holes that it will make a good sieve, then ye may set me down as a liar to start with."

The old hunter chuckled, and, pointing to the three fallen braves, said:

"I guess, youngster, them's about all the Injins ye'll find to-night. Ye see they gits mortal sick when they learn as how Backwoods Dan's about."

"Backwoods Dan! Are you Backwoods Dan?"

"Yer bet, all the way from Upper Yallerstone."

"What takes you down here?"

"Legs—a good pair o' fust-rate legs."

"But you must 'a' had some motive?"

"Oh, motif, is it? Ye want to know what motif it war that brought me here, do ye?"

"Yes, Dan, ef ye've no objection to tellin'."

"Waal, now, I don't see's how I has," answered the old hunter, coolly bending over a dead Indian, and running his knife around the scalp-lock, which, at one quick jerk, he tore from the head. Striking it upon the ground, to free it from some blood-clots, he attached the scalp to his belt. "Waal, ye see, along on the upper Yallerstun things begin to get pretty hot. The cussed Crows, Cheyennes, and Sioux are tryin' to make a dicker with the Utes, and go into partnership in the stealin' and murderin' business."

"Guess they'd make a hix-hoss team," said Charley, coolly.

"Yas, you bet they'd make a six-devil team. I didn't want to be that near to ther fire an' brimstone, so I jest concluded I'd drop back a little. This Sioux Gray Hawk hez been all along the border tryin' to rouse the redskins to murder the whites."

"Yes, and has done so," said Charley, sadly. "They have just murdered my father and his entire family. I only wish that I could get a

shot at the infernal scoundrel. Ah, Dan, I've sworn revenge; I'll have it, too. The dod burned red devils who burned my home and took the life of every inmate, not even sparing my little fair-haired baby sister, scarce three years old, shall die. I have set a seal o' doom on Gray Hawk an' his warriors. They shall die—aye, die to a man."

"Yer right, boy, I reckon," said the old hunter, coolly lightning his pipe, and gathering up the fagots to make a camp-fire. "By the way, thar lays a cuss wi' a little o' life left in 'im; ye might amuse yerself thar until I smoke, fur I kin assure ye we're not goin' to ketch sight o' a wholeskinned red nigger to-night."

With a look that was terrible, Buffalo Charley drew his hunting-knife, which had been left with his revolvers and rifle in the flight of the Indians. As he approached the Indian he began his death-song, so low and plaintive that the young hunter paused. Charley had a tender heart. He could not endure the idea of uselessly taking life. The fellow was shot in the bowels. The bullet had come out of his back, and he would die beyond a doubt. He returned his knife to its sheath, and turned away to where Backwoods Dan was building a camp-fire.

CHAPTER V.—In the Wilderness.

"Waal, now, I'll be gawl darned ef ye ain't a-growin' squeamish," said Backwoods Dan, with one of his favorite chuckles. The old hunter had reloaded his rifle, which was a long, old-fashioned muzzle-loader. He also reloaded the three empty chambers of his revolvers, and was smoking his pipe when Charley returned to his side.

"Why d'ye call me squeamish?" asked Charley.

"Cos ye didn't stick that ar blarsted red nigger."

"But he's goin' to die."

"Yes, an' so'm I."

"But he can't live till mornin'."

"Yit I thort ye wanted a hand in puttin' all the red cusses out of the way?"

"So I do, Dan, so I do; but I want to shoot and stab live Indians, not dead ones."

"Oh, yes, I see inter yer ferlosiphy now; yer never b'lieve in kickin' a feller when he's down?"

"That's it, Dan."

"Waal, yer right thar, boy. Though it would be a mercy to kill that feller what's got his bowels shot out. He can't live long, as ye said, an' a knife stab would jist git him out'n his misery."

"Give him time to repent o' his sins."

"Repent! Who ever heard o' one o' the red devils repentin'?"

"Well, we'll not shorten his days an' misery," said Charley.

"No, no; let 'im hev a little o' the burnin' here. It'll fit 'im fur the place he's goin' to as fast as he kin."

"D'ye think there's any danger o' the others comin' back?"

"Who?"

"Injuns."

"No, bless ye, no!"

"Why?"

"They got too big a scare. They'll not be here to-night. They got enough to last 'em until they git a few more recruits."

"May not some other band come in on us?"

"No; Gray Hawk's gang o' warriors is all there is in this part of the country."

"But there were two bands."

"When?"

"One was after the buffaloes, and pursued me, while the other came here and murdered my father's family."

"Oh, yes; but it war all Gray Hawk's tribe. Ye see, they divided."

At that moment the loud neighing of a horse brought our hero and the hunter to his feet.

"What's that?" demanded the hunter.

"It's Cricket."

"Who's he?"

"My hoss."

"Oh, yer litle mustang?"

"Yes, sir, my hoss."

"Waal, ye'd better try an' stop 'im from makin' so gawl darned much fuss."

"You don't think there's danger, do ye?" asked Charley; not that he had any trepidation on his part, but to get at the true feelings of the old hunter.

"Waal, there might be danger o' gittin' our naps disturbed ef he keeps up that kind o' a noise all night."

"I will go and find Cricket."

"Yer a hunter, ain't ye?"

"Yes."

"Waal, ye'll allus know enough to keep yer eyes peeled."

"I do."

"Ye see, the darned red niggers are liable to pitch inter us at any time."

"But you said there was no danger."

"In course thar is none, but a good hunter's allus ready."

Charley went out into the forest, holding his rifle cocked in his hands, ready for instant use.

He called Cricket softly, and was greeted by another deafening neigh. This time it was not a great way from him, and he made his way carefully through the trees and underbrush to the horse. He found Cricket tied to a small tree where the savages had left him. Unfastening the halter, he led the restless little horse to the camp. Cricket expressed his delight by a low whinnying noise. He was evidently overjoyed to find his master again.

"Now make the blarsted critter shut up his infernal noise, an' let's git to sleep," said Backwoods Dan.

"Cricket was only glad to see me," said our hero to the old hunter. He is a good horse; knows more than half the men—is far more trustworthy."

"Waal, I've no use fur hosses," said the old hunter. "Sometimes I kin go a pack-mule, but fur Injun fightin', sich ez we are goin' to hev fur a hort spell, I'd much rather hoof it."

"All horses are not like Cricket," said Buffalo Charley, patting his horse's arched neck. "You do not know him yet."

"I know he kin make a blarsted sight o' noise," said the old hunter, "but gawl darn it, tie 'im up an' let's git to sleep."

Buffalo Charley slept but little that night. His

mind was excited over the recent stirring events, and his bosom filled with grief at the loss of his parents and family. He was now alone in the world, without a relative or any person whom he could call dearer than friends. There were some of the most bitter feelings in his heart against the red man.

"Henceforth," he had sworn, and he kept repeating the oath, "henceforth my life shall be devoted to avenging the murder of my parents and relatives."

When morning dawned he felt but little refreshed, and rose early. The old hunter was already up, stirring up the camp-fire. The three dead Indians lay just as they had fallen. The third was dead, and Backwoods Dan tore his scalp from his head. The old hunter prepared a breakfast for themselves, and they began at once to make arrangements for moving on. Where should they go was a serious question.

"I've 'bout made up my mind to turn about an' go up the Yallerstun, Injuns or no Injuns," said the old hunter. "My cabin's 'way up thar, my traps, furs, an' everything's thar, an' I guess I'll go, too, an' ef the gawl darned red niggers don't let me alone they'd better."

"Well," said Buffalo Charley, seriously, "I've got nothing to keep me here or any other place, Dan. I'd jest as soon go with ye as not."

"How 'bout thet hoss?"

"Oh, he kin go along."

"Will he allus be makin' sich a devil o' a snickerin' as he got up last night?"

"No," said Charley, with a smile on his sad face. "Cricket never neighs unless I am gone."

"Then I hope ye'll stay clus to him, fur I'll be cussed ef I wouldn't rather hear the war-whoop o' a thousand redskins than one o' them darned squeals o' his."

Before leaving the neighborhood Charley insisted on returning once more to the ruins of his late home and drop yet another tear upon the mound which covered his beloved dead. Backwoods Dan couldn't object, and accompanied the youth to the spot. He held Cricket, who, by the way, did not seem to have any particular love for the old hunter, and expressed his dislike by stamps and snorts of impatience. Charley walked by the blackened embers which marked the ruins of what had been his home, and stopped at the mound of earth. It was soaked with the blood of the savage he had shot from the top of it. Several stones had been removed by the Indian, whose object it had apparently been to disinter the dead. Those our hero replaced. He looked about for the body of the savage he had shot, but he could not find it.

"Doubtless they carried it with them or buried it," he thought, and having cast one more tender look upon the little mound of earth which contained the bodies of those he loved most dearly, he quitted the place to join his new-made friend.

"Waal, youngster, I know as how ye kinder must feel bad whenever ye comes here to look at these deeds o' deviltry, and I don't think I'd make many visits here, or stay long. S'pose we be movin'."

"We will take turn about in riding," said Charley.

"No, we won't," said the hunter. "You can ride all the time, an' I'll walk. I'm used to gal-

lopin' all day. Might as well try to run down an antelope ez me. Ye jis' mount this ere cussed little critter; it don't like me, an' there hain't much love lost atween us. I'll walk."

"It's true Cricket is a little jealous by the way he lays back his ears, but he's a good beast all the same. I'll venture the assertion that he will learn to love you in a week almost as much as he does me."

Cricket rubbed his nose against his master's shoulder quite affectionately. Buffalo Charley sprang in the saddle, and old Backwards Dan took the lead, his long rifle on his shoulder. All day long they traveled, and at night encamped on the banks of a small stream, which was a tributary of the Yellowstone. The old hunter assured our hero they would reach this stream in two more days' travel. They were already far beyond civilization, and in the great northern wilderness.

The third day they arrived at the old hunter's cabin and found everything just as he had left it. One morning Charley left the cabin to go a short way from the cabin to where he left his pony, Cricket. He reached the horse and was petting him when he heard a shot from the cabin. Charley realized Backwoods Dan was in trouble, and, mounting his pony, he started for the cabin. Charley saw that between him and the cabin were a number of savages. He had to run a gauntlet to reach Backwoods Dan, who was mowing down the Indians at every shot. Charley's pony dashed through the invaders like a flash and reached the cabin without a scratch, although he received several shots through his hat and clothes. Then a smart fire was directed upon the savages from the interior of the cabin and the Indians withdrew to a safe distance, leaving several dead and wounded on the ground behind them. Several hours passed and nothing happened. The day passed and our friends were not molested. But that the Indians would return again with superior numbers our friends felt sure. As soon as it was dark Charley and Dan prepared to leave the cabin.

As the moon rose they were on their way. All night the party traveled, and also the next day. The third day they came across a hut of logs and a white man sitting outside. He was an old man with a long white beard. He appeared to be asleep. Dan now went ahead to interview the stranger. As he approached the stranger saw him and immediately brought his rifle to his shoulder. But Dan was close enough to grapple with him. The man shouted:

"You'll never take me. I'll die first."

The man acted as if he was insane. Charley now came up, and the old man was subdued. They told him they meant no harm to him. The man was evidently a hermit, and he told our friends he feared they had come to arrest him for something which he held as a secret and therefore his strange actions. He wanted our friends to remain with him, but they told him they must go on, and shortly bid him a farewell.

A wagon train was proceeding over the plains under the guidance of Bill Cotton, the famous guide. Tom Sampson, the wagon master, was riding ahead with the guide and keeping a sharp watch ahead over the plains. On the seat of one

of the wagons was a bald-headed man named Lark Preston, from Missouri. On the seat with him was his wife. She was kicking to him about leaving a fine town to come to this God-forsaken country. On the rear seat was their daughter Juily, who was enjoying the argument between her father and mother. Soon the train stopped at the bank of a creek, and preparations were made to camp until morning.

CHAPTER VI.—The Attack.

The place selected as the camping-ground of the wagon-train was in a low valley surrounded by a rising plain. There was but very little timber along the banks of the creek, but the grass grew very tall and rank. There was a large hill on the north, a small body of timber and some underbrush on the left. A few white nags, whose roots showed evidences of fires, were scattered about in the bottom grass. Some stood twenty, and even fifty, feet in the air. Some were large, with their broken limbs, from which the bark had dropped, looking like ghosts in the moonlight. The caravan had selected the spot because it furnished them water, and down in that low, green valley they were not so likely to be discovered by the savages, as if they were upon the ridge. With Buffalo chips and pieces of broken wood they started fires.

"Better not make any more fires than ye hev to," said Bill Cotton, who acted as a kind of commander-in-chief of the camp. "An' ye better put 'em out soon as ye hev yer flap-jacks fried an' meat roasted."

"Why so, Mr. Cotton?" asked Jaily, who was walking about from one portion of the camp to the other for recreation.

"Why so, gal?" said Bill Cotton, lowering his powerful eyebrows. "Why, gal, ef ever ye should hear the earth quake wi' flyin' hoofs an' yells o' all the imps o' hades, ye'd think it war necessary."

"Now, Mr. Cotton——"

"Don't mister me. I tell ye, I can't stand it. I were never used to it," said Bill, his brows lowered more than ever. Jest call me Bill. Not Bill Cotton, but jest "Bill."

"Well, then, Bill, what do you mean?"

"Gal, I'm silent. I'm dumb as a—a wagon tongue."

Jaily Preston possessed a most happy faculty of making every man her slave. She walked forward, and laying her hand gently on the deer-skin sleeve of the scout's hunting jacket, led him to where a large old log lay within the circle of wagons.

"Sit down, Mr. Cotton," she said, with one of her sweetest smiles, while her hazel eyes beamed with a gentle beauty.

"Now, gal, I won't be mistered. Ef ye expect to lead me around as ye do every other darned fool in this train, yer mustn't go to misterin' me. I'll get mad and quit."

"Well, now, Bill, sit down like a good boy," she said, with very much the same air and manner she would address to a great overgrown Newfoundland dog.

Bill obeyed just as a dog would, muttering, as

he did so:

"That's a heap better."

"Now Bill——"

"Pooty good, by jeminy crackcorn," said Bill.

"Bill, you said something about danger——"

"Waal, dang it, didn't I say I wur dumb, gal?"

"Go off now, little un; walk about the camp and enjoy yerself. Don't think about what a deuced fool I was."

"I can't, Bill."

The hazel eyes were turned up to his face, and the smile was tender and entreating.

"Ye can't?"

"No."

"Why can't ye?"

"Because I cannot quietly enjoy myself when I know myself, my parents and friends are in danger."

"Who said ye war in danger?"

"You did."

"Then I'm a liar," he replied, fiercely. "Oh, what a dangnation fool I've been!" he said to himself.

"But you did not lie, Bill."

"Yas, I did."

"No, no. You never said so with your tongue. That might deceive me; but when you speak with your whole soul through your eyes, you speak the truth—the soul cannot lie. There is danger, and you know it; your soul has said so."

"Believe my soul a liar, dang it," growled Bill.

"It's no use, Bill. I know it all. Do you think the Indians will attack us before morning?"

"Oh, gal, hush; ye'll make me tell the truth."

"That is just what I want," said Jaily.

"Oh, no, no, gal, you can't; ye must not know that as would keep ye awake all night."

"I can assure you, Bill, I will sleep none to-night, no way. You had just as well tell me."

"Well, don't ye never mind, Miss Jaily. Ef the Injuns does come you shan't be hurt. There'll be enough o' us to fight fur you, an' we'll do it. Ye needn't keer, you ar' in no danger."

"I believe what you say, Bill. I am in no danger, but there are persons here who are in danger."

"But it ain't yer parents. We'll pectect 'em. They shan't be hurt."

"My parents are safe, perhaps, but I have friends who are in danger. I want to know how great that danger is?"

"Who are yer friends?"

"Bill Cotton, Tom Sampson, Prairie Bill, Thresh and Dickson, and the teamsters."

"Why, that's all."

"Yes, all my friends," said Jaily, her hazel eyes emitting a sad, sweet light. "They are all my friends, Bill, and I intend that their danger shall be no greater than mine in the coming struggle."

"I'll be danged ef I don't believe that the gal will," said Bill, as if speaking to a third party, but there was no third person present.

"What d'ye think ye could do—could ye shute?"

"No, I could not fire a rifle, but I could load the guns, hand the men bullets and powder, and encourage them as they fought."

"You could, and ye will."

"Now, Bill, tell me truthfully, will we be attacked?"

"Ycs, Miss Jaily; as God looks on us now an' forever, we'll hev a fight before sun-up."

Jaily started from her seat.

"There, dang my fool soul. I've sed it, an' it can't be unsed. But go to yer wagin an' try an' sleep. Tell the ole man that I sed sleep on the ground under the wagin. The wagin itself is too high up."

Jaily returned to the camp-fire where her parents were. Mrs. Preston was in ill-humor, and quarreled almost incessantly.

"I say, Misses Preston," said Tom Sampson, the wagon-master, coming toward their camp, "you must talk a little lower."

"Why?" asked the scold.

"Cos ye might lose some o' yer hair afore mornin' ef ye don't."

"I don't expect any better—I don't expect it," said the woman, her eyes ablaze with fury, and the lines of her forehead contracted with rage.

"But ye don't want to be shot in the mouth, eh?"

"Yes, I knowed I'd be killed. It's all Larkin's fault; he would bring me here."

"Preston," said the wagon-master, out of humor, "ef ye don't stop that woman's tongue, I'll be cussed ef we don't hev to gag her. The Injuns may be expected any moment."

"Injuns, oh, Injuns. Now, Larkin, what did I tell ye?"

"Shut up!" yelled Tom, and the woman was at last awed into a few moments' silence.

Though she continued to give her husband a bit of her mind, she did it in a lower tone. Supper was hurried over in silence, the camp-fires put out, and the wagons formed in a circle. The few logs and large stones were rolled into place, so as to form a sort of a breastwork. Yokes, harness and bales of good also went to complete the fortification. The cattle were all placed within the circle. A small rivulet or spring ran through one corner of the camp, which, in case of a siege, would furnish them with water. All was quiet during the first part of the night, but at about 2 o'clock they were aroused by hideous yells and shots, and on looking over the fortification, the emigrants beheld a large party of Indians descending upon them. The moon was shining, and it enabled the emigrants to see their foes, and they poured volley after volley into them, until finally the redskins broke and ran to the cover of the trees a few hundred feet distant. This was the last attack for the night.

In the morning the emigrants perceived that the Indians had surrounded them and things looked very bad. Then a consultation was held, and it was decided that they draw lots to see who should try to break through the redskins and ride to the nearest fort for help. Jaily insisted on being one of those to draw. So the drawing was held, and it fell to the lot of Jaily to make the dangerous dash. Everyone did their best to dissuade her from going, and offered themselves instead, but she would not listen to it. So she mounted a swift-going horse and dashed out of the enclosure, and was even with the redskins before they knew what was happening. But Jaily had her wits about her, and when she saw that she had been seen, she bent low over the

horse and managed to get through a place where there were no redskins within a hundred yards. Shots were fired at her, but she was not hit, and the last the emigrants saw of her she was dashing away across the plain in the direction of the fort, and several of the redskins had mounted and were pursuing her.

CHAPTER VII.—The Three Friends and A Strange Horseman.

Charley and Dan had come across a herd of wild ponies and Charley lassoed one for Dan to ride.

Dan soon had his wild horse broke so as to make a very tractable steed, though he got a few falls first, and Charley was forced to run down the old hunter's steed for him when it would break away.

"Waal, may I forever be snake-bit ef ever I seed jest another sich a critter as yourn, Charley," said Dan.

"Cricket is a wonder," was Charley response.

"Why, the dang little thing kin fly."

"Almost: at least he can skim along the prairie faster than any other animal without wings."

"I believe ye. He's a great hoss, and he don't never seem to git tired either."

"No, Cricket never tires."

"Who'd a-thought it of sich a little thing?"

"Had you seen him when a poor little colt, exhausted and deserted by the herd, lying down at the root of the great old tree to die, where I found him shivering with cold and terror, you could not have dreamed that my dear little horse would ever have been able to carry me. He was so little, Dan, that I carried him in my arms. Since then he has carried me many a time out of danger."

"He's a great hoss."

Crack! came a distant rifle shot.

"Helloa, boy, what the deuce is that?"

Crack, crack! came three more shots fired on the plain.

"It's a fight," answered Charley.

"Yes; an' I'll bet my old hat it's the darned Injuns or some 'un."

"It is," said Charley, reining in Cricket, and bending his ear to listen. "It is Indians, for you can hear them yell out across the plains."

"And they're comin' this way."

"The sounds grow nearer, to be sure."

Cricket now began to evince an eagerness for the fray. His head erect, the pony stamped the earth with impatience, and snuffed the air in a manner which betrayed his anxiety and excitement.

"Steady, boy, steady," said Charley, in tones which exhibited not the least excitement. "It will come soon enough; now, wait patiently, and don't be moving too soon."

The two hunters were in a low ravine, where the grass grew so tall as to almost conceal them on the backs of their horses.

"We kin jest duck our head here a little," said old Dan, "and then we kin see them as they come up."

"We will not have long to wait," said Charley.

They did not. Soon there came over the hill a man mounted on a horse.

"Heavens, look!" cried Charley. "The poor horse is ready to drop dead with fatigue. He has run until he can go no further."

"That feller's game, who ever he is," said old Dan. "See, by thunder, he's loadin' his rifle as he runs. Wait a minnit an' ye'll see who's arter him. Thar they come, cuss 'em. Injuns—red devils by the dozen."

Over the crest of the hill came between half a dozen and ten Indians, yelling like fiends. They were lashing their tired horses and sending an occasional rifle shot or arrow after the fugitive. Although the hunters could see an arrow sticking in the back of the fugitive, his wound was not mortal, and he maintained his place on his horse with wonderful nerve and determination. Crack! went a rifle shot, and our friends saw the blue smoke curl up from one of the Indians' guns.

"Missed, by gravy!" shouted old Dan, who had been watching with some little anxiety the result of the shot.

The fugitive had now reloaded his rifle, and was but a few rods to the left of our friends, when, raising his weapon to his face, he fired. One of the Indians clung for a moment to the side of his fleeing horse, and dropped to the ground.

"Bully!" roared old Dan. "Now, boy, they're near enough for us to interduce ourselves. Let's say howdy to 'em."

This was a signal for the hunters to bring their rifles to bear upon the Indians. Two sharp reports rang out on the air, and two Indians fell. The savages were not more astounded than the fugitive. He could hardly believe his eyes and ears when he heard those shots and saw the effect. The Indians drew rein, completely astounded. A sharp report rang out from Buffalo Charley's repeating rifle, another, another, and another almost as regular as the ticking of the clock. Each shot either wounded a savage or come frightfully near him. The redskins could hardly believe that one gun could fire so many times and so rapidly. The shots were so well aimed that the single marksman seemed to threaten their utter destruction. They uttered yells of dismay, and, wheeling about, fled faster than they came, leaving three of their number and one horse dead on the field.

"Helloa! Bedad, there! Bad luck to hay-thens!" cried the man who had been a fugitive, wheeling his tired horse about, facing our friends. "Ye hev been doin' me a kindness, so ye hev!"

"Yellowstone Kelly!" cried Buffalo Charley, and, springing from Cricket's back, he grasped the fugitive's hand.

The man had now dismounted from his horse, and stood leaning against the almost exhausted animal. Yellowstone Kelly was about five feet eight inches in height, square, broad shoulders, with a light gray eye, florid complexion and sandy hair. His features were strangely Irish, from the pug nose and twinkling gray eyes to the short, smooth-shaved chin. He wore a bunch of sandy whiskers on each side of his face, coming well down on his cheeks, but otherwise his face was smoothly shaved. He was armed

like all the hunters of the West with a rifle, revolvers and hunting-knife.

"Buffalo Charley and Backwoods Dan, be me sowl!" cried Kelly, with a rich Irish brogue, and a twinkle in his fearless gray eye. "Well, now, bedad, yez couldn't a-come in at a better time, for I'd a-been clane kilt afore many hours more'd a-passed by."

"Whar'd ye come on 'em, Kelly?" asked old Dan.

"Where did I come on 'em? Divil a bit did I come on 'em at all at all. They jist came on meself all the same, and have been thryin' the mettles av me ould sorrel horse for 'bout five hours."

"How many were there?" asked Charley.

"Of the haythen?"

"Yes."

"Bad luck to me ef I know. I dhrapped some av 'em along the road as we come. Some drapped themselves, and the others waited fur yer honorable silves to dhrap 'em."

"Well, Kelly, I don't believe that there is any danger of them attacking us; and if you have no objection to joining us, we will travel together."

"Bedad, Charley, I'd go wid ye, in coorse, when the red haythen are around me as thick as 'skeeters in Arkansaw. Ye've got a gun there as good as a dozen, an' I'll sthick close to thet."

They mounted their horses and rode slowly up the hill to the spot where the three Indians lay. All were dead, and removing their scalps, they rode on up the hill. When they reached the top of the hill they swept the plain with their eyes, to see if the Indians were yet in sight. Yes, away off to the left, they could be seen again coming toward them. But no. There was another pursuit. A strange horseman was in advance and the savages in pursuit. The three friends cast significant glances at each other, and fixed their eyes once more on the strange horseman.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Rescue.

The horseman was so far away that our three friends could only make out that it was one human being pursued by others.

"Someone else is flying from the red demons," said Charley.

"Yes, dang 'em," said Backwoods Dan, "they seem to be on the kill here lately."

"It can't be the same Indians which pursued you, Kelly."

"No," that experienced scout answered. "Them red divils got about enough o' it, and would not be comin' furninst us pell-mell, hurry-scurry, in this indacint sort o' a manner."

"Who is that horseman?"

"Divil a bit do I know."

"Is he red or white?"

"Black or yaller?" put in Dan.

"Ye'll both hev to wait till he gits nearer or appeal to sthronger eyes than me two," said Kelly.

"I have what will tell," said Charley. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

He took from a side pocket of his coat a small but powerful fieldglass.

"Why the divil didn't ye say ye had that afore?" said Kelly, with a grin on his honest, good-natured features.

Buffalo Charley reined in Cricket, and fixed the glass full on the flying group which was approaching so rapidly.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated.

"What is it?" asked both his companions.

"It's a woman."

"A squaw, I guess," said Dan.

"No; a white woman."

"A dacant white faymale pursued by the red haythen," cried Kelly.

"Yes, it's a white woman pursued by Indians. Come, boys, to the rescue," cried Charley, and with a shout he released the rein, and Cricket bounded forward like the wind.

"It's no use tryin' to keep up wi' that ar cussed little thing," said Dan, as they lashed their horses into a run and were still left behind. "A steam-engine might keep in sight, but it couldn't do any more. Dang it, see jest how the little hoss flies."

"Me own poor ould horse is about gone up," said Kelly; "he can't run wid that spalpeen's colt."

"What woman can be out on the plains?"

"It's not the place for dacent famales o' dilicate narves to be sure."

"The reds must a-scalped all her people."

"Yes, an', bedad, they'd be afther takin' her own beautiful currils ef it wasn't fur such gintlemin as oursilves forninst 'em. Bad luck to the haythen."

They were rapidly approaching each other, and the Indians had already discovered the white men coming to the aid of the woman. With wild yells they lashed their horses with redoubled fury, and fired shot after shot at the brave girl. She sat upright in her saddle, however, and urged her horse forward with her riding-whip, which she carried in her hand. Now she hears the shouts of Buffalo Charley, and looking ahead sees white men coming to her rescue. With a cry of joy she strikes her horse and says:

"On, good Bruno, on! There's help near at hand. We must not lag while help is near. On, good Bruno, on!"

The horse, seeming to realize that help was close at hand, increased his speed. Charley was near enough now to see the face of the woman plainly without the aid of his glass. It only required a glance to see that she was both young and beautiful, but oh! so pale, so worn, so excited. Her horse, almost exhausted, was ready to fall. She looked as if she had fled for days. Her face was contorted with pain, terror and determination, yet retaining all its original and wonderful beauty.

"Stop, you devils, stop!" cried Charley, sending the swift-footed Cricket forward at a rate of sped almost incredible to believe.

At the same time he unslung his rifle and brought it around ready for use. A sharp report broke on the air, and the foremost savage fell. The next moment he reached the side of the girl. Again and again he fired, and a second savage lay dead, while a third was wounded. The others halted, then seeing other white men approaching, and having a horror of the scouts of the plains, they wheeled about and fled. The

girl, safe at last, closed her eyes, and, overcome, sank forward in the saddle, and would have fallen to the ground had not the strong arm of Buffalo Charley been entwined about her, and drawn her gently from her horse. The young scout dismounted, and carefully placed the slight figure of the girl on the grass.

"Is she hit?"

"Is she kilt?" were the questions asked by Dan and Kelly, who reached his side at this moment.

"No, I think not," Buffalo Charley answered. "I hope she is only exhausted, and that she may be all right in a few moments."

At this instant the girl, who was none other than Jaily Preston, opened her large, dark eyes, and fixing them on the face of the youthful scout, said:

"Oh, sir, I am not hurt, I am not hurt!"

"I am glad of it," said Charley. "But you must be very weak. You are quite overcome."

"How weak and silly of me to faint."

"Don't fret, gal," said Dan. "I've knowed strong men to do it on sich occasions as this."

"But it was wicked——"

"No, it warn't."

"You could not help it," said Charley. "How could it be wicked?"

"But, sir, I was going for help——"

"Help—help for what?"

"My father's train is surrounded by Indians."

"Where were you going?"

"To the fort for soldiers."

"And you lost your way?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is five hundred miles to help on this route."

"Oh, what shall I do?"

"We will go to the rescue," said Charley. "What say you?" appealing to his two companions.

"To the rescue," they both answered.

In an hour the four were riding as fast as they could go toward the beleaguered emigrants.

CHAPTER IX.—The Last Struggle.

It was with the most anxious eyes the eager emigrants watched the form of Jaily Preston as she galloped away, long after she was beyond the range of the Indians' bullets. Even after Bill Cotton had got down from the wagon, and the Indians had began their fire on the slight fortification, did they anxiously watch the slight girlish figure mounted on the powerful horse speeding away like a wind.

"Will she ever reach the fort?" was the mental interrogation of each. Yet no one dared utter the query aloud. No one hardly dare speak.

Bill Cotton, doubtless the bravest of all, was the first who dared break the spell. His speech was philosophic if not consoling.

"She is no wuss off than she'd a-been in here. Some un's got to bring help, or we'll go under sure as thunder."

"Do you reckon she'll ever get there?" asked Mr. Preston a tear glistening in his eye.

"I don't know whether I reckon she will or not, but I believe I reckon it's rather doubtful," said Bill. "But, howsumever, she's jest as well off out thar as here. Thar she's got a chance."

"And hain't we got a chance here?" asked Mrs. Preston, coming forward behind the guide and trapper.

"Waal, now, I reckon not much, madam," answered the guide.

"Now, Preston, jest see what ye've done. Ye've gone and brought us all out here to be murdered. There goes our child across the prairie with a hundred yellin' Injuns after her. She'll be killed as sure as the world goes round. She's not my child, though I love her as if she were my own."

Bill Cotton looked up in some little surprise. It was the first intimation he had ever had of Jaily not being the daughter of Mrs. as well as Mr. Preston; and he muttered to himself:

"Well, I'm danged glad that she ain't the darter o' that old quarrelin' curmudgeon. She's a reg'lar she panther, and cowardly as a coyote. Blest ef ever I seed sich a old witch in all my born days."

This of course was not said aloud, for cowardly as Mrs. Preston was, when danger surrounded her, every one had a wholesome dread of her tongue.

"Yes, she's a she tiger," Bill added to himself, "and I'm most darned glad that the beautiful gal is not the old thing's child."

"Now, Lark Preston, see jist what ye've brought us all to. Ye're jest agoin' to be the death o' us all with yer perambulatin', emigratin' notions. Why couldn't ye been content to live a decent kind o' a civilized life back in the country where we did live, and not come perambulatin', emigratin' out across this 'ere country whar we're sure to be killed. Oh, it's no use of you tryin' to hatch up some excuse. I know ye think ye've got somethin'. But Jaily's gone. She's as good as dead now, and it's all your fault. It ain't my fault. Had I had my way, she'd never a-mounted on Bruno and started away cross the prairie, with a hull passel o' aggravatin', gallavatin' red demons after her. - Yes, ef I'd a-had my way she'd a-stayed at home. But here ye must come away out here, and what fur? What fur, I'd like to know? You don't know. Oh, you good-for-nothin' emigratin', perambulatin' old scamp. Oh, I'll give it to you, jest see ef I don't. Send yer own child out across the prairie among the Injuns, when ye war all too lazy and too big cowards to go yerselves."

"Oh, hush up," roared Bill Cotton; "stop yer clatter."

"Stop my clatter, you good-for-nothin' scamp. ye are. Do ye call my conversation a clatter?"

"Yes, and everything should hev an end, but her tongue don't seem to hev any," went on Bill.

"That's jest the wav with all good-for-nothin', aggravatin' men."

"Oh, Julia, pray do hush," said Mr. Preston, who felt that his heart was almost broke, as his beloved child, a mere sneek, disappeared over the plain.

"Hush—what, stop talkin'!" screamed Mrs. Preston. "Think I'm goin' to be deprived o' the only liberty that's left me. Ye good-for-nothin', perambulatin', emigratin', speculatin', aggravatin' monster as ye are. Jest think ye're goin' to keep me from speaking my mind. Don't ye know no white man kin do that."

Crack! crack! bang! bang! came a volley of shots from the outside. Mrs. Preston uttered a

terrific scream, and running to her wagon, seemed to be doing her best to burrow in the earth.

"I thank Heaven Injuns kin make ye shet up, if a white man can't," cried Bill Cotton, seizing his rifle and beginning to peer through the spokes of the wagons to see if he could get a shot.

"They're comin', Bill," said a man who was on guard.

"Yes; I see 'em. All to places. Dang 'em, they knew now that somethin's got to be did."

Every man sprang to his post. To an inexperienced eye, there was nothing unusual to excite the attention or interest of the beleaguered men; but to the scouts and those whose visions were sharpened by experience and danger, a black line upon the ground could be seen approaching. Nearer and nearer it drew, until out of what seemed to be a general chaos rose a dark, round ball.

"Don't any o' ye waste yer lead on that," cried Bill. "It's no head—only a ruse to waste a shot."

The Indians, finding that their efforts to draw the fire of those within the fort was of no avail, now began a desultory fire upon the wagons. About a dozen more were seen to mount horses and start after Jaily, who had by this time disappeared over the hill.

"Look sharp now for deviltry," said Bill Cotton. Firing had ceased, and all became as still as death.

The scouts and more experienced teamsters knew that the Indians were drawing nearer and nearer in the tall grass. At this moment the shrill voice of Mrs. Preston, who had become emboldened by silence, was heard.

"It's all your fault, Lark Preston, every bit of it. I knowed jest how it would be; but you must always be emigratin', emigratin', emigratin'. If we are all killed by the Injuns it'll be your emigratin' what'll do it. Why couldn't ye live in peace where we war, ye emigratin', agrava-tin', perambulating!"

Crack! crack! crack! rang out a volley but a few feet away. Again Mrs. Preston uttered a yell, and tried to plunge her head into the ground. The Indians charged right up to the wagons, but were driven back by the determined emigrants, who fought as men fight for their lives. It was only one of the hundred hot fights which followed. The Indians, from the moment that Jaily Preston escaped, knew their time was short. Unless they reduced the post, and plundered the train within the next half dozen days, they would be compelled to raise the siege. Again and again did they try to storm the small fortification, both by night and by day, to be repulsed each time with loss.

One morning the emigrants discovered that the spring which had supplied them with water had dried up. The small stream which had flowed near by had been dammed up above and the current turned by the Indians. The situation was becoming desperate. Bill Cotton was gloomy and silent, and so were all the others, save Mrs. Preston, who, now that a shot had not been fired for three hours, was giving vent to her long pent-up feelings.

"It's all your fault, Lark Preston, you aggravated, emigratin', contemptible old scamp."

But no one seemed to pay any attention to her.

Bill Cotton, who had been watching a group of savages but a few hundred yards away, now called the handful of men left around him.

"Boys," said he, in a manner unusually solemn for him, "the last struggle is comin' now in a few minnits, and it's jest as well it did. In less than half an hour we'll be out o' here, free or dead. The Injuns are down yonder in a pow-wow, and when it breaks up they'll come wi' a vengeance."

It was evident from the yell that came on the air that it had broken up.

"All to places!" roared Bill, "and die a-fightin'!"

With this grim resolve each man seized his rifle and pistols. A volley of shots shook the earth like a thunderclap.

"Take a good aim!" roared Bill.

They did so. The infuriated savages ran almost on the muzzles of the deadly rifles. When the sharp reports rang out each brought down a redskin. But the others came on. Pistols were emptied, and still the horde poured over the wagons. Tomahawks and clubbed rifles, as well as knives, were used. The last struggle had come, and Heaven only knew how it would end.

Our four friends traveled on to the rescue of the wagon train. About the middle of the afternoon the scouts knew they were nearing the scene of conflict. They heard shots and soon came upon the scene. The last charge had come, as Bill Cotton had said. The Indians had mounted the parapet. The brave emigrants had about given up when the scouts opened fire. The Indians soon saw they were between two fires and became demoralized. They scattered far and wide. After the battle was over Bill Cotton and Charley met. They were old friends, as were Yellowstone Kelly and Dan. A consultation was now held. Three or four emigrants had been slain. They were introduced to Mr. Preston, and Charley and Dan were astonished to see the resemblance between Preston and the hermit they had met, and they had also seen a picture in the hermit's hut which resembled the girl Jaily. The emigrants now made up their minds to return eastward to civilization before again being attacked. Buffalo Charley and our two friends accompanied them. Charley and Jaily Preston were much together now.

It was several days before they came to a fort, and shortly after came civilization. By that time Charley and Jaily came to an understanding, and they were betrothed. Old Dan left our friends here, and returned to hunting and trapping.

It was at the settlement that our three friends learned that the notorious Williams brothers had killed Sheriff Coleman and his brother, and our friends were asked by the authorities to help catch them. Charley took leave of his sweetheart and set out with his two comrades, together with a dozen white men, bloodhounds, and a party of friendly Indians.

The party after several days' search finally located the Williams boys. But the outlaws proved to be dangerous customers, and the dogs and several of the posse were killed in the attempt to round up the villains, and still on the evening of the fourth day the outlaws were still at liberty.

CHAPTER X.—The Frontier Again.

The next day's hunt proved of no avail. They did not come in sight of the Williams Brothers, and a portion of them never saw the outlaws again. The further pursuit of the outlaws was abandoned, and Buffalo Charlie and Yellowstone Kelly went to a little frontier town called Waterville. The scouts had left their horses at Waterville and they found them well rested, fat and, as Kelly said: "Spoilin' fur a gallop over the prairie".

Cricket knew his master in a moment, and whinnied as he approached him.

"My dear little Cricket," said Charley, placing his arms around the pony's neck, "did you think your master had forgotten you?"

"Bedad, he knows what ye says, if he can't shpake," said Kelly.

"The pony tossed his head up in the air, and rubbed his nose against his master's shoulder.

"I have tramped so long through those woods that I think a gallop over the prairie will do me good."

"Faith, an' yer roight, me lad; a divil o' a good gallop over the prairie will do us both a dale o' good."

They remained all night at Waterville, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, set out on their horses for a hunt. They were well supplied with ammunition and provisions; the grass of the plains furnished their horses with provender. As they were resting and eating their dinner they espied a herd of buffaloes. They sprang to their horses and hastily put the bits in their mouths. Then the next thing to do was to look to their rifles. Charley's, being an improved Winchester repeating rifle, was almost waterproof. There was but little danger of its missing fire. Cricket seemed aware that there was sport near. He curveted his head just the least, and pranced about.

"Steady, Cricket, my little fellow, you will soon have some rare sport," said Charley. "It was wicked to keep you so long confined in that old stable. Such imprisonment would kill you, if long persisted in; your natural place is the beautiful rolling prairie."

Kelly had saddled his horse, put a fresh cap on his rifle, and was mounted. Charley sprang upon the restless Cricket, and joined him. Kelly was trying to determine from which course the wind was blowing. The experienced buffalo hunter has only to get to the windward to the animal when he is feeding, and then he can ride up until within a few rods of him before he is discovered. If the wind blows from the hunter to the game, he will be sure to be discovered, and then the horse must have a swift foot and strong wind to outrun the bison. When the buffalo is feeding his long mane hangs down over his eyes so low that he can see but a short distance around him. There was but very little wind on this particular morning. Both hunters had to wait some time before they could determine the exact course of it. When they got it they galloped around about a mile, and came in on the right flank of the Buffaloes.

"Charley!" said Kelly.

"Well?"

"Hev ye chosen yer mate?"

"Yes."

"Which is it?"

"That bill bull there in advance."

"Take 'im thin and wilcome; bedad, I want somethin' younger and tenderer, somethin' what won't take all me powdher an' lead an' spade o' me horse to kill, and thin won't ruin me tathe when I go to ate 'im. I take that yearlin' heifer behind."

The two men, having fairly got to windward, rode down at a swift trot first, and then at a slow walk.

"Och, the devil!" growled Kelly, as his horse stumbled over a knoll, "why don't ye kape on yer fate."

"Mark your game, Kelly," said Charley, with a smile.

"I will, bedad, fur it's all we'll git which will be worth the gittin'."

Charley made no response, and as Kelly rode along he continued to grumble.

"What the divil does a feller want to be always botherin' wid them auld buffler bulls? They's harder than a cat to kill, and, bedad, they ain't no account whin ye git 'em."

The hunters had gradually separated, and finally brought up within fifty yards of the herd. They dared not go any nearer. There was a peculiar smile on Charley's face, and almost a sneer of contempt on Yellowstone Kelly's. Kelly was watching Charley, who nodded assent, and then the horses were reined in, and rifles brought to a ready. They did not dare go any nearer for fear they might be scented by the buffalo. In fact, they were surprisingly near even now. At a nod from the Irishman both rifles were brought to their shoulders. A moment and the well-trained horses were as still and motionless as stone, and had those gun-barrels been held by arms and nerves of iron they could not have been steadier. Only a moment did the breathless silence come over the plain, and then:

Crack! Crack! rang out two sharp reports. The big, old bull uttered a terrible bellow, bounded forward and sank to his knees. A moment thus, and he rolled over on his side, the bullet having pierced his heart. Kelly was not so successful. The moment he fired his horse started just the least, and the ball aimed for the side struck the shoulder-blade and glanced downward, passing out to the ground. The young cow uttered a piteous bawl, and went bounding away.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Charley. "You are a lucky shot."

Kelly was beside himself with passion, because he could not get in another shot for the reason that the herd was on the run.

CHAPTER XI.—Jaily Once More.

Then next morning they started for the small settlement near the fort, where they had left the Preston family. Charley had not heard from Jaily for several months, and of course was anxious to see her. They came to the small settlement, and rode toward the most respectable looking building in the place, which they had been informed was the house occupied by Lark

Preston and his family. In front of the house were several new wagons, with fresh made bows and new covers. There were a number of ox-yokes near the house, all showing an evident intention to cross the great plains. The party was to be a pretty considerable one, judging from the number of wagons and ox-yokes. As Charley and Yellowstone Kelly approached the house, they heard the angry tones of a woman saying:

"It's all your fault, Lark Preston. You will start out again across the plains, a-draggin' me an' the children to death, to be scalped an' cut to pieces by the Injuns. Oh, ye good-for-nothin', ill-behavin', aggravatin', speculatin', emigratin' wretch, so you are. Ye'll be the death o' the hull o' us yit."

"Bedad, now that's music for ye," said Kelly, with a comical grin on his jolly Irish features. "D'ye hear it, Charley, ye spalpane? It's as natural as 'Ould Lang Syne' or the 'Harp that once through Tara's Hall.'"

Charley only smiled. They had not yet announced their presence, but waited, somewhat amused to hear any further remark.

"Oh, Julia, I wish you would hush," said a voice which they at once recognized as Mr. Preston's.

"But I'm not a-goin' to," snapped Mrs. Preston; "ye are jist a-goin' to be the death o' all o' us with all yer speculatin' an' emigratin' notions."

Charley, in a nervous manner, rapped at the door. He heard a light step within, the door was opened, and before him stood the beautiful object of his adoration.

"Charley!"

"Jaily!"

Two names pronounced in joyous accents, and the next moment the lovers were clasped in each other's arms. The presence of the parents, family and Yellowstone Kelly seemed utterly ignored by the lovers. The joy of meeting each other, the satisfaction of knowing that they lived, was so great that they gave way to their natural impulses. Only for a moment, then Jaily, the first to recover her self-possession, withdrew from the embrace of her lover, and, all suffused with blushes, asked his companion to enter.

"I guess, me good folks, the bye is a little out o' his head," said Kelly, by way of apology for his friend, Buffalo Charley. "Ye see he's young. He ain't used to bein' in love. Never was in love before, except wid his pony Cricket, and a divil of a lively Cricket he is, bedad. But I was goin' to say how d'ye all do anyway!"

He grasped the hand of Mr. Preston.

"Pretty well, Kelly," said that gentleman; "how are you both?"

"Och, bedad, we are well and sound as a dollar piece, but divil a dollar's we got." Turning to Mrs. Preston, who at the sudden entrance of the hunters had ceased to berate her husband, he added: "And, me good-natured famale frind, I hope ye hev hed' good digestion and slape, and hev'n't lost yer voice, so ye can't give yer emigratin' cuss o' a husband what he deserves."

"Oh, she does, Kelly, never fear."

"And you deserve it——"

"Don't, Julia."

"I won't don't. You'll be the death, o' the whole caboodle o' us."

"Julia, remember that we have some friends and visitors here."

"What do I care?"

"You don't seem to care."

"No, you aggravatin', speculatin', emigratin'——"

"Good!" roared Kelly, dancing a jig; "bedad, it's as good as a trate. It's ould times once more."

"Yes," she snapped, turning upon the Irishman with a quick, dagger-like glance. "You impudent scoundrel, you loafer! You go to persuadin' my husband to loaf about, to go to emigratin'——"

"Julia, Julia!" cried Mr. Preston.

"Oh, don't Julia me, you aggravatin', speculatin', emigratin' wretch."

"Don't; do remember that Mr. Kelly is our guest."

"What do I care?"

"Well, but you must care."

"I won't."

"You must, you shall——"

"Howld hard, Mither Preston," said Kelly with a laugh. "Don't interfere with the leddy for the world. It so greatly refreshes me memory to hear her swate voice."

CHAPTER XII.—The Emigrant's Story.

It was night. Tired nature demands repose, and Mrs. Preston slept. In her quiet little bedroom, upon her snowy sheets, she lay turning about and groaning and muttering in her sleep. Some broken sentences might have been heard, had anyone been near enough to hear them. Occasionally she muttered some sentence, phrase or word louder than the others. It was then that such expressions as "emigratin', aggravatin', speculatin' wretch!" could be heard. Even in sleep Mrs. Preston could not forgive her husband for his speculative and rambling propensities. The good husband, evidently several years her senior, was in the neat sitting-room with Yellowstone Kelly and Buffalo Charley. A single tallow candle burned upon the table at the side of the emigrant.

"It is almost time for retiring," said Mr. Preston; but before I show you to your rooms, I would like to know if you gentlemen feel like once more crossing the plains?"

"Bedad, az fur mesilf," said Kelly, "I'm at home only on the plains, and az fur me friend Charley, he'll foller after ye loike a wolf after a wounded buffler."

"Well, I am in need of a guide, one who knows the Yellowstone and all its tributaries well."

"What d'ye want wid the Yellerstun and its tributaries?" asked Kelly.

"I intend to search them."

"What for?"

"I intend to search every mountain, every thicket and every rivulet in the Rocky Mountains."

"Then, bedad, ye've got a big job on yer hands, me frind. Ye'll hev to git yer life renewed a few dozen times afore ye git through, for it'll take a thousand years to do that."

"My life must be spent in the search," said

Mr. Preston, sadly, "unless I can accomplish what I desire."

"Bedad, what is it we'd be afther huntin' fur so long?"

"A man."

"A mon?" said Kelly.

"A man?" asked Charley.

"Bedad, ef ye want to foind a gintleman, ye nadn't take all that pains. Ye kin foind one fernist ye. Jist look wid yer two eyes, and ye can see him."

"But this is a poor, unfortunate wretch," said Mr. Preston with a sigh.

"Ah, who is it?" asked Buffalo Charley, his face denoting eagerness, and his eyes sparkling with interest.

"My brother!"

The scouts started. So low, solemn, and with so much feeling was the answer given, that all appearance of humor had died out of Kelly's face. He was grave and silent. Buffalo Charley had fixed his eyes on Mr. Preston's face in a manner that was rather mysterious to even Kelly. The Irish scout muttered to himself:

"What does that boy mane now?"

"How old is this brother?" Charley asked.

"If living, he is my own age; we are twins," said Mr. Preston.

"How long has he been gone?"

"Since he was a young man; nay, he was scarcely more than a boy."

"Mr. Preston?"

"Well, Charley?" said the emigrant, looking at the young scout gravely.

"Is there not some story connected with this?"

"There is."

"I thought so," said Charley, then adding to himself, "I knew I could not be mistaken."

"Bedad, me frind, ef there is a story that goes along wid all this mysthery, let us have the machine complete, wid all the attachments."

"The story is a sad one," said Mr. Preston, solemnly, "and one which I fear would hardly interest you."

"It will," said Charley.

"The bye's right," put in Kelly. "Bedad, I'm achin' to hear the last o' it."

"You say you have not seen your brother since he was a young man?" asked Charley.

"He was scarcely more than a boy when I saw him last. Oh, God, that parting; it was terrible!"

"Where did he go?"

"I do not know, but from rumor and tradition, I believe he lives somewhere in the great Western wilderness."

For a few moments a silence fell upon the group. The solemnity and sorrow of Mr. Preston impressed even the humorous Irishman.

"Bedad, I though it would be somethin' wuss than speculatin' that'd make a man brave sich a devil o' a wife az he's got," said the scout to himself.

"My story is a sad one, my friends," said Mr. Preston, "but as I have aroused your curiosity concerning it, it would perhaps be better to gratify that curiosity than to keep back a story which will not interest you when heard."

The emigrant leaned his elbow upon the small table, and bowing his head upon his hands, was silent for several moments, bowed in deep thought.

"My father's family was an old and highly

respected one. He used to boast that he could trace his ancestry back to the nobility of England, but being an American, he took no pride in titles of nobility or blood. You know an American is as good as a king, which is the true democratic idea.

"There were several children of us, but the special favorites of my parents, their special pride and joy seemed to be their twin sons, of which I was one and Richard the other.

"There was such a wonderful resemblance between us that our parents frequently found it difficult to distinguish between us.

"I can see in my memory a vision of two sunny-haired children playing in the forest, the old lot or about the old farm. I close my eyes when these fleeting visions come. I open them, and behold only a rigid old man going down to the grave in sorrow and remorse.

"I close my eyes again and see two happy boys just starting to school. The same sunny-haired children. They go arm in arm. They learn from the same primer, sit on the same seat, and stand in the same class.

"A little further on I see them large, bright, intelligent boys, each striving to obtain knowledge, but with no envious emulation. They are props and stays to each other in their struggles, and never does one attempt to get an advantage over the other.

"Then again I see them. They are engaged in boyish sports. Both are champions, but no one can decide which is the champion of the two.

"We went to college and graduated in the same class with honors. Then came a tour through Europe, and finally one fatal day we met a young girl whose beauty I cannot describe; we both loved her, but here was something we could not divide.

"We gradually grew suspicious of each other, then jealous, until a mad frenzy seized us. She, poor creature, was the innocent cause of all our woe. She preferred me, and we were secretly married. I had left my brother, and was married without his knowledge.

"He found me and my wife in New York City, and his mad frenzy knew no bounds. There was a terrible scene. My wife was present, and he snatched a dagger from his belt, drove it to my breast and fled. It is enough to say, I recovered, but have never heard of my brother since, unless these rumors be true."

"One question," said Charley in a tone which indicated his excitement, "was your brother a painter?"

"Yes, a painter of whom the old masters need not have been ashamed."

"Then, sir, I can take you to him, for I know exactly where he is."

CHAPTER XIII.—Going West.

Had a bomb-shell exploded at the feet of Mr. Preston, he could not have been more astounded than he was at the sudden assertion of Buffalo Charley. He sat for some time with his hands powerless at his side, his eyes staring the young scout in the face. When he did regain his speech, he gasped:

"What, you—you know where Richard Preston is?"

"I do," said Charley. "I was with him last autumn, just before we came to your relief at the wagon train."

"Where—where is he?"

"Among the mountains, in a place named the Hermit's Valley."

"How do you know it is he?"

"I have seen the story you told, in his pictures, made upon a curious bark. He is there known as the snowman, on account of his hair and beard being perfectly white, and by the Indians is regarded as a great medicine man."

Then Buffalo Charley proceeded to tell all his adventure with the wonderful snowman, or Hermit Dick, as he was sometimes known, with which the reader is already acquainted. Long after they had gone to rest, the emigrant sat in his chair before the smoldering embers. Could it be that his dream was about to be realized? Was it possible that his brother still lived, and that he would see him again, and tell him he was forgiven?

"It is true, it is real," he said, "but it seems too good to be true. Oh, can it be that Heaven has at last answered the long, oft-prayed prayer, granted the great wish of my heart? My brother, my poor, dear brother, we shall meet again."

Several days elapsed before all the arrangements were made for moving westward, but finally all was ready, and they started. Crack, crack, crack! rang out a dozen whips, and the shout and yell of teamsters, with the moving off briskly of so many wagons, presented a lively scene. A person who has never witnessed the departure of one of these fleets of the plains cannot imagine what a scene it produces. All is shouting, noise and confusion, very much the same as when a ship leaves the quay at New York for Europe. There is a crowd gathered about them—the citizens, men, women and children, of the little frontier village.

"Git up, hey ho, git up!" yell the teamsters, while the constant cracking of whips might make one believe that an engagement with rifles was going on.

"Bedad, Charley," said Kelly, "they are movin' off without her."

"Yes, Mr. Preston has acted the part of a sensible man; it was no use to remain there coaxing her."

"Divil a bit. Ef he was goin' to go, why, let him go; thin if she don't intind to foller, jist let her sthay."

This seemed to be just what they were doing. Mr. Preston, driving the family team, was in the rear, where he could overlook all that was going on ahead of him. He was going off without even so much as looking behind to see whether his wife would follow or not, when a shrill voice cried out just opposite the right fore-wheel of his wagon:

"Hev ye got a place fur me in there?"

"Yes, Julia, certainly," said the emigrant, "I've had one for you all the time. Climb in."

Mrs. Preston, sullen and sobbing, climbed in at her husband's side, and became sulky and silent. This just suited her husband, for it gave him a momentary respite. The great wagon-train moved on westward. Traveling across the

plains now is far different from traveling across the plains twenty-five years ago. The great Union Pacific train thunders across the vast prairies at the rate of twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, while if the slow-moving wagon-train went twelve to fifteen miles a day on the average it did well. There are few wagon-trains now crossing the great plains, with the old-fashioned great high-bowed wagons, oxen or mules, the wagon-master, guide and teamsters. These callings were once professions, as much as medicine, law or school-teaching.

Mr. Preston chose the wagon-train instead of a train of cars, because by traveling this way he could hunt for that long-missing brother. The railroad did not go near those mountains, in the center of which was the Hermit's Valley. He could only reach them by taking what was called the north overland route. His desire for finding the man from whom he had parted in anger and passion so many years ago was so great that he braved the plains with their thousand dangers, the warlike savages, and even the quarreling tongue of his wife. Mrs. Preston sometimes became quite cheerful. The cool, refreshing breeze from off the great plain was bracing, and she felt its enervating influence, which forced her spirits to rise. Still she had her spells of speaking her mind, and giving that "aggravatin', emigratin'" husband of hers a piece of her mind.

"Now, Lark Preston, it's all yer fault ef we do git skulped by the Injuns. I wanted to stay at home, but ye wouldn't let us do it, but must come out here gallivantin', perambulating, emigratin' all over God's creation."

"Hush, Julia, do hush," said Mr. Preston, who, sitting near a camp-fire, was trying to mend some harness.

"Hush! Indeed I won't. I don't git to talk but very little, and ef you had your way I wouldn't git to talk any."

"Papa," said Jaily, coming up, "they have discovered a herd of buffalo three or four miles away, and some of the men are going out to shoot them. Can I mount Bruno and go along?"

Mr. Preston looked up at his child a moment before answering. Buffalo Charley now came up to the side of the girl and said:

"I am going; will you not let her go with me? I assure you that she shall not get hurt."

"Well, yes, Charley, though be sure you are not as reckless as usual."

They were to the windward of the herd, and galloped for two miles without any fear of disturbing them. When they were within a mile of them, however, the hunters concluded it better to keep down in the bottom of a ravine. Thus they approached nearer and nearer, until not more than a hundred yards separated them from the buffaloes. The hunters separated a short distance. Jaily followed her lover.

"Keep a few rods in the rear, Jaily," Charley whispered. "You can see the sport from there just as well, and not be in any danger."

Arranged in the right position, the hunters raised their rifles. Both taking deliberate aim, they pulled the triggers. Crack, crack! went two shots almost blending, so near were they together. Just as Charley pulled the trigger an old bull thrust the tip of his nose within range of his bullet. Down went the animal at which

he had fired, as well as the one Yellowstone Kelly had shot, while the bull, with a lacerated nose, bounded into the air, uttering a bellow that seemed to shake the earth. He was perfectly furious, and instead of running off with the others, he caught sight of the girl, and bowing his head, with another terrific bellow, charged her. Jaily's horse, wild and uncontrollable with terror, wheeled about so suddenly that the girl slipped and her saddle turned.

Buffalo Charley saw her danger, and fired at the bull. The ball struck his head, but only burned itself in the hair which filled the foretop. It checked the animal but for a moment. Charley sent another and another shot at it, and then seeing Jaily clinging to the side of her flying horse, spurred Cricket up until he was at the side of the terrified girl. Winding one arm around her waist, he reached down and released her foot from the stirrup.

"Now let go, Jaily, dear; you are safe," he said. She did so, and the next moment was swung to the back of the flying Cricket.

"Bedad!" roared Kelly, who was coming forward to help them, "that ould baste wants me compliments."

Galloping up to the side of the buffalo, which was still pursuing them, having loaded his rifle as he came, he thrust the muzzle almost against the animal's shoulder, and pulled the trigger. There was a loud report, a broken roar, and the bull went down, shot through the heart.

"To the devil wid sich a baste," said Kelly, dismounting and cutting its throat.

A wagon was coming out after the slain buffaloes, and the teamster caught Jaily's horse. The three buffaloes killed made meat enough for the emigrants for many weeks. Mr. Preston seemed to grow more and more nervous as they neared the valley of the snowman, or hermit.

"How much further is it, Charley?" he asked almost every day.

Nearer and nearer the great train drew to the mountains. At last the tall peaks were in sight, and Charley pointed them out to the anxious emigrant.

"He cannot be expecting me," said Mr. Preston.

"No, for he thinks you are dead. You had better be careful how you introduce yourself to him; it may frighten him," said Charley.

The train stopped when within about a dozen miles of the Hermit's valley, for the ground became so broken no team could pass over it. Leaving the train in charge of Yellowstone Kelly and the wagon-master, Buffalo Charley set out with Mr. Preston for the hermit's home. It took all day to reach it, and the sun was just going down when they paused behind some vine-covered rocks, which still bore evidence of a great landslide. The old man with his long, white hair was seen moving about his cabin. Charley waited until he went in, and then said to Mr. Preston:

"Wait here until I see him first."

He then crept forward until at the door, where he met the astounded snowman, who made an effort to fly.

"Hermit Dick, wait; don't you know me?"

"Yes, it's Charley."

"A friend is near to see you."

"No, no, no," cried the snowman, "no one can

want to see me. I have no friend. Oh, Charley, you have betrayed me. It's an officer, a detective, to arrest me, but I swear I'll die first."

"No, no, no!" began Charley.

"I will, I will, and, traitor that you are, you shall die, too," and the hermit snatched an old single-barreled pistol from a shelf. At this moment Mr. Preston sprang in at the door and cried:

"Brother!"

CHAPTER XIV.—The Brothers.

The appearance of the snowman was indescribable. He dropped the pistol; it fell upon the floor, and holding both his hands before his face, he cried:

"Away! away! begone! Oh, my God, has the grave indeed given up her dead? Am I to be haunted thus forever? Curse the demon who instigated me to the act!"

The hermit had buried his face in his hands, and was trembling like an aspen. Mr. Preston, who had recovered his own self-possession, came forward, the tears flowing down his cheeks, and stood by the side of his brother. The sight of the man whom he had last seen in youth and full vigor, now bowed down with age, his constitution and heart broken, was more than he could stand, and he wept like a child. Placing his hand on the snow-white head of his brother, he said:

"Oh, brother Richard, brother Richard, do you not know me? It is I, Larkston Preston, in the flesh and blood."

The snow-white head shook sadly, and the weak, trembling voice murmured:

"No, no; it is some strange phantom. I never saw it before save in my dreams."

"It is no phantom, Richard. Look—look again and see! It is I, your brother. You are awake. I was not killed, as you supposed. I survived the blow given in madness, and have, for all these years, been hunting for you. Ah, your sufferings cannot be much greater than mine have been. Look up, brother, look up."

The snow-white head was raised, and that feeble voice murmured:

"Brother, it indeed is you!"

They were clasped in each other's arms, these two old men, and weeping like children. Charley regarded them for a few moments, an interested spectator of the scene. His own eyes were scarcely dry, but they were manly tears of joy at the happiness of the two old men.

"Oh, brother Larkston, I cannot believe it true. It does not seem to me as if it can be you. I fear it is a dream from which I shall awake to be plunged in deeper despair than ever."

"It is no dream," said Mr. Preston.

"God grant it!" cried the hermit.

"We have met, brother, after so many years."

"Yes, so many years of misery. Oh, brother, forgive me!"

"You were freely forgiven long years ago."

"Oh, thank Heaven!"

"Speak no more about it, brother Richard; let that dark hour be forever blotted from our memory."

"But our parents?"

"They are dead."

"Ah, yes; I know they must be. They would be too old to live now. They died knowing my guilt."

"They heard of your mad act——"

"And never forgave me?" sobbed the hermit.

"Yes, brother Richard, they did; they died praying for you, and their last request was that I should find you and tell you you were forgiven."

"Oh, Heaven, I thank thee; this is more than I deserve. My cup is full and running over."

There was a momentary silence, broken only by the sobs of strong men.

"Brother," said Mr. Preston finally to the hermit, "you must go with me."

The old man shook his head.

"Why not, Richard?"

"Because I have become accustomed to this valley, these rocks, hills and solitude."

"Oh, Richard, I cannot, dare not leave you here; you must go with me."

Still the old man shook his head.

"Why not, Richard?"

"Because it's best not."

"Why best not? I will be miserable to know that you are here alone."

"But, brother——"

"Oh, Richard, there is some reason, some fatal reason which I cannot fathom; if you would only tell me, it might be averted. To know that you live here alone in this solitude, with no companions save the wild animals or Indians, or perchance some wandering hunter, is more than I can bear. You might sicken and die here alone, without a friend to close your eyes. Oh, brother, brother, you must go with me."

"What, Larkston, would you invite me back to scenes and passions which would arouse all the latent fires within me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you know that we loved each other as brother never loved before; that we would have died for each other; that no rivalry ever came between us, and no harsh word or thought until—— Oh, God, you must know!"

"Hush, brother; I do. Heaven knows the dear angel was not to blame."

"No, no!" groaned the hermit, burying his face in his hands. "It was——oh, brother, a fatal infaturation."

Silence fell upon the group. Buffalo Charley stood near the door, his arms folded upon his broad breast and his eyes upon Cricket. The noble little animal was feeding upon some short grass which grew in front of the hermit's door. Cricket seemed to regard the place as dangerous and treacherous. He occasionally turned his eyes curiously toward the frowning cliffs and bluffs above, as if he expected another landslide. At last Mr. Preston said:

"Richard, my wife is dead."

"What, dead!" cried the hermit.

"Yes; she died many years ago. We lived happily for several years. One child was born to us, who yet lives."

"Died, yes, died, cursing me as the attempted murderer of her husband," said the hermit, bitterly.

"No, no, brother, you mistake very much. She forgave, and died, praying Heaven to forgive you."

"Oh, was ever man so blessed as I? Was ever man so cursed?" the old hermit groaned.

"You are forgiven by all, brother," said Mr. Preston. "I am on my way to seek a home in Dakota, and come to invite you to go with me. I do not ask you to go with me back to scenes which might arouse painful emotions, but in new scenes in a new land, where we may renew that brotherly love which so long has been denied us. An, brother, say not that you will not go. Think of the years of anxious waiting; every night offering up prayer to our God that I might be spared to see you before I died. Think of my promise to our parents, of my promise to my wife, that I would search the wide world over for you, and bring you back to civilization. And now, when I have found you, when I have braved the dangers of prairie and wilderness to find you, when I have been two years fighting Indians that I might find you, relieve your burdened soul, and pass our last days together in some peaceful, quiet dell, looking forward only to the time when we shall join those whom we loved on the other bright shore. Oh, brother, brother, is this blessed privilege to be denied me?"

His speech seemed to have a magnetic influence upon the hermit. Starting up from the chair on which he had been sitting, Richard Preston threw himself on his brother's neck and sobbed:

"Oh, brother, brother, I can deny you nothing."

"Then will you go?"

"I will."

"Come at once. My train, my wife—for I have married a second—awaits beyond the mountain. We will go at once."

"But, brother, I have a few relics here."

"You have?"

"Yes; my paintings, and a few other things."

"Gather them all up, and I will send for them and have them brought. There is no way by which we can approach this valley with a team."

The few relics the old man desired to keep were collected and placed on his rude table in the center of the floor. Then they started back for the wagon-train, Buffalo Charley leading the way. At the close of the day it was reached; the hermit's eyes were greeted once more with signs of civilization. Suddenly he saw one figure; a graceful beauty came tripping toward them, and starting back, grasped his brother's arm and cried:

"I thought you said she was dead?"

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

"That is my daughter Jaily," said Mr. Preston, who saw his brother's error.

"Come here, Jaily dear, here is your uncle, about whom I have told you so much."

The beautiful girl ran forward and gave the snow-haired hermit a kiss which startled him not a little. He held her at arm's length, and gazing into that beautiful face and those laughing eyes, murmured:

"How like, oh, how like her mother she is."

At this moment a voice familiar to every one

in the trail, and which our readers ought to recognize, was heard, saying:

"Lark Preston, it'll be your fault if we git took in an' skulped by the Injuns. Ye know I didn't want to come out here in this wilderness, but ye would come perambulating, speculating, emigrating all over the world, an' draggin' me an' the children about with ye."

"Oh, Julia, do please hush."

"Hush up, ye wretch, ye vagabond, to come draggin' me an' my children out here in this here wilderness, an' then expect I'm goin' to hold my tongue, eh? Think I'll consent to be skulped an' never say a word, do ye? Well, yer very much mistaken. As long as ye will be perambulating, speculating, emigrating all over God's creation, why, I'll have something to say about it. Now see if I don't. Oh, I'll give ye a piece o' my mind."

In the meanwhile Mr. Preston had watched his opportunity, and between the squalls which came had managed, while Mrs. Preston was resting to regain her breath, to introduce her to his brother.

"Yer brother?" she cried.

"Yes, I am his brother, and yours, too," said the hermit, with an air of good-breeding. "I trust you have made my brother very happy."

"You his brother?" said the woman, her eyes wide open in amazement.

"Yes, madam."

"Where did ye find him."

"Over in the valley."

"What's he been perambulating, emigrating all over this country for? Oh, he's jest like all the rest o' the family, they are all a ramblin', ungrateful, no-account set. I know 'em all. Nothin' but emigrating, emigrating, emigrating will do 'em until they hev all been killed by the Injuns or drug our lives out."

She was finally quieted down, and supper prepared by the cooks. After supper guards were put out, and the brothers, with Jaily between them, holding a hand of each, sat down and talked over all their troubles and trying scenes. Buffalo Charley had been observing the brothers with great interest, and when Jaily apprised him of her father's determination to settle down in some part of the great West, his joy knew no bound.

"Then, my dear," said the gallant young scout, "there will be nothing to delay our nuptials longer."

There was a settlement in Dakota where Mr. Preston intended to stop, having a large claim near it. The next morning they were under way, moving away from the great mountains. That evening they were alarmed by the sudden appearance of a horde of hostile Indians.

"Bring round the teams!" cried Charley; "form a corral, and be prepared to fight!"

"It's all your fault, Lark Preston!" cried Mrs. Preston, burying her head under some bedclothes, where only a faint mumbling sound, in which "speculating, aggravating, emigrating," was all that could be clearly distinguished. The men got their rifles and pistols in readiness. In the meanwhile the savages had begun to assume a hostile appearance.

"Hold on," said the hermit, "I know these Indians, and think I can avert a conflict."

He went out from the circle of wagons alone and unarmed. The Indians, who were forming for a circuitous charge, paused, and gazing upon him, cried:

"The snowman! The white medicine man!"

"Are you not a friend of the snowman?" asked the hermit of the chief.

"The snowman is a great brave, and the Indian is his friend," answered the chief.

"Then why do you seek to fight with us? These are my friends. I come to show them out of the country, and that they may not be attacked by my red brothers, I have accompanied them."

The Indian chief came forward and shook hands with the snowman, and then advanced alone to shake the hands of the whites in the train. The first whose hands he grasped was Buffalo Charley.

"Great brave, great brave!" said the Indian.

The next was Yellowstone Kelly, then came Mr. Preston. Mrs. Preston was considerably excited at the appearance of the Indians.

"It's all your fault, Lark Preston," she said.

"I didn't want to come away out here among these redskins to be skulped, but you must come, ye speculating, aggravating, perambulating, emigrating wretch. Oh, ye'll hear from me, now see ef ye don't. Here ye are draggin' me all over God's creation, and hevin' us skulped by the nasty Injuns. But you'll hear from me, ye wretch!"

"Oh, Julia, do hush!" he cried.

"Ye know I don't hev but little to say, and ef you hed your way I wouldn't get to say anything."

"White squaw much talk," said the Indian chief, when he had shaken hands with Mr. Preston.

The Indians did not molest the emigrants, and they reached Mr. Preston's claim without any further adventures worthy of mention. Here the brothers, who had been so long separated, settled down to live the remainder of their days in peace. Mrs. Preston has become more quiet, but still avows that her husband is an aggravating, speculating, emigrating wretch.

Buffalo Charley, whose adventures we have given, was duly married to the beautiful Jaily Preston, though he has not abandoned his profession of scout and guide. He makes a good husband, and is the happy father of a promising boy. We may at a future day give more of his adventures in connection with his friend, Yellowstone Kelly.

Next week's issue will contain "THE TWO BOY BROKERS; or, FROM MESSENGER BOYS TO MILLIONAIRES."

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RULES FOR LONGEVITY

There are three rules for longevity, according to William Huskey, 100 years old, or Smelterville, Mo. These reasons are: First, moderate habits; second, work hard; third, attend to your own business. A few days ago Huskey celebrated his 100th birthday, sitting in his "old favorite" rocking chair by his "fireside" in the little farm home. Huskey is married and his wife is eighty-four years of age. He is the father of eighteen children. He can neither read nor write, but is quite conversant with the questions of the day.

PLUCK AND LUCK

CURRENT NEWS

NUGGETS UNDER SKELETON START GOLD RUSH

A small bottle of gold nuggets found under the skeleton of a man discovered in the woods near Bothell, twenty miles from Seattle, Wash., has started a stampede for placer claims on creeks and rivers there, and some pans of color are the rule. The man had been dead eight or ten years. At his side were the remnants of pan, pick and shovel.

CAT HATCHES CHICKENS

A house cat belonging to Mrs. Fred Loomis of Perrysburg, O., is the wonder of the town. The cat has just hatched out two chickens. The other day Mrs. Loomis heard a noise coming from the cat's nest. She investigated and found two baby chicks. Her theory is that a hen used the cat's nest for her nest, while the cat furnished the incubation. Anyway, Mrs. Cat is puzzled over her new family.

LARGE TOTEM POLE

The largest totem pole ever carved was shipped from a quarry near Langley, Wash., recently to Alaska by its maker, A. C. Thompson.

It was ordered a year ago by a wealthy Indian who has large cannery holdings at Petersburg. The rock totem is to grace the last resting place

of Ru Keidesti, an ex-chief of the Thlinket Alaska Indians.

The totem was made from granite, is 9 feet 6 inches high, carved to resemble a cedar totem, with the inscription and figures to represent the past traditions and history of the Salmon and Bear tribes who once dominated the North coast.

ILLEGAL FISHING

Columbia River is as much a river of mystery, of adventure and of romance, even though the romance be unrecognized by the stern eye of the law, as it ever was.

Deputy John Larson of the State Fish Warden force, State Department of Fisheries, vouches for the mystery at all events. Larson patrols the river from Astoria to Multnomah Falls, twenty-five miles above Portland, in the patrol boat Governor Olcott. He believes illicit fishing is going on, but admits the fishermen have a clever system of evading detection.

Flashing signal lights from river bluffs warn of the approach of suspicious craft, even as the signal fire of pioneer days advertised for the suspicious Indian the approach of the white man's birch. According to Larson, the signal may be a blazing bunch of newspapers of a spotlight, but when he gets there the quarry has departed for safer waters.

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HOW DAN SAVED HIS GOOD NAME

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIII.

Drury and Dale Follow Their Man Across the Ocean to London.

Dan took the photograph from his pocket, unfastened the wrappings, and turned the picture around so the clerk could see the face.

"Is that the man?"

One look was enough.

"That's the man," said the clerk.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Has his ship sailed?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The President Washington, on which Mr. Stanton Carberry embarked, sailed yesterday for England."

"And when can we start, by your line or any other?"

"To-morrow."

There were a few busy hours then for the two boys, who visited their parents and told of their intended trip to Europe, but said nothing of the cause of it. Then Dick picked out and paid for the berths on the American, which sailed the next day, obtained letters of credit, and prepared in every way for the journey, which might be short and might be long, a telegram was sent to Rederton at Chicago, telling him what course Carrington had taken, and then the boys were ready for their trip.

They made a fast run to the other side, and when their ship touched at Queenstown the boys stepped on shore while passengers for that place were being landed, and with a few tips to assist memory, they found out that no such person as the hat spinner had landed there. Carrington was a sufficiently notable man to be remembered for a few days by the porters and cabmen on the dock and the boys were satisfied that he had not landed at that port.

The same course was followed at Fishguard, and with the same result, and then there was nothing to do but to wait for their arrival at Liverpool. There they were fortunate enough to find the very porter and cabman who had been hired by the tall traveller with the pointed, black mustache, and a little more work brought out the fact that he had taken an express train to London.

"That was just what Rederton thought likely," said Dick, and it was with the feeling that they were pretty sure to run their man down with the help of the London agency that the boys settled back in their seats on the train.

It was early afternoon when they reached London, and when they left the train Dick secured a hansom and told the driver to take them to the Rederton agency. The office was well known, and that was all the direction that was asked.

Half an hour later Dick had sent in his letter of introduction to the manager and was soon admitted to the latter's private office. There he was cordially received and at once told his story, which was listened to with close attention.

The manager was an American, but had been in London for years.

"Slippery Sam Cash is one of the most resourceful men in the under world to-day," he said, "and even with police aid it is going to be a hard job to catch him. He got his peculiar name from the very fact that he has slipped out of more seemingly secure traps that have been laid for him than any thief I know of, and he fully deserves his title. What you tell me about him would be sufficient to warrant me in arresting him on a general charge and turning him over to the police until we can get out the necessary papers to take him back to the United States."

Then he touched a bell-button, and a boy appeared.

"Is Pendergast in the outer office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send him in."

The boy disappeared, and a moment later a strongly-built man of middle age entered the room. This was Pendergast, one of the agency's most experienced operators, and he was introduced to the boys and was then told what had brought them to London.

"I know Slippery Sam Cash, and I know his haunts," said Pendergast, "so it will not be hard to find him. From what you young gentlemen have told me, it is hardly probable that he even suspects that he has been followed from the other side, so if we can spot him it will not be a very difficult task to gather him in."

"Don't be too sure of that, Pendergast," smilingly said the manager, as the boys stood up to take their leave. "The rascal has not got his name for nothing, and he is likely to slip through your fingers now if you find him, just as he has slipped through the fingers of the ablest detectives in the world, more than a score of times."

The two boys and the experienced operator left the agency, and the latter at once called a cab and directed the driver to take them within a street or two of a certain part of Wapping.

A little later they were set down in a common neighborhood not far from the water, and the cabman was paid and dismissed.

"Now we will walk to the vicinity of Wapping Old Stairs," said the operator, "and take up a post of observation about a hundred feet or so from a public house kept by a former cracksman named Tom Crib, who served two 'bits' in prison, but is now supposed to be reformed."

(To be continued.)

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Mystery Magazine."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

QUEER STAMP COUNTERFEITERS

A conspiracy through which the Government has been defrauded of large sums by wholesale distribution of counterfeit postage stamps was disclosed by treasury agents as a result of the arrest in Milwaukee, Wis., of a girl known as the "Queen of the Counterfeiters."

Arrests of ringleaders in the East are expected as a result of the revelations.

Counterfeit postage stamps have been distributed over the country, it was learned, and large mail order houses are said to have been swindled of thousands of dollars.

The stamps are believed to have been printed in several denominations, the principal ones being two-cent and one-cent stamps.

FACTS ABOUT THE GIANT RAY

The great devilfish or giant ray, which abounds in the waters around Beaufort, S. C., and Captiva Inlet, Fla., has occasionally been found off New York and New Jersey. The furthest north it has ever been taken is Block Island, where one was caught in the last week of last August.

This is fourteen feet wide between the tips of the pectoral fins, seven feet long from head to base of tail, and weighed 1,686 pounds. This is the only specimen known to have been weighed, but there are stories of fish that are said to have weighed 10,000 pounds.

Dr. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History writes of the giant ray in Science, and says that naturalists who have described it differ as to whether it has a large spine or sting on its tail. The one caught at Block Island had none, but there was a wound on the tail where a spine was said to have been torn off. The late Theodore Gill, dean of American ichthyologists, doubted the spine, as have other writers, although some naturalists picture it with one.

SPEED OF FINGERS DIFFER IN HANDS

The fingers of your right hand are quicker and more accurate than those of your left, says the Popular Science Monthly.

The ring finger of your left hand shows a burst of speed whenever it can work with the forefinger of your right hand; and it slows down noticeably when it must team with the middle finger of your left hand.

Two fingers working together are faster than one going it alone. And a combination of two fingers on opposite hands is faster than two fingers on the same hand.

Practice, while it increases the speed of all fingers, tends to increase the rate of the slow ones more than the fast ones, thus overcoming the handicap of the ones that lag naturally.

If you are a typist or pianist, perhaps you have already discovered some of these facts about the workings of your hands. They have been conclusively demonstrated recently by a series of tests conducted at the Carnegie Institute of Technology by Esther L. Gatewood.

MAURETANIA HANGS UP ANOTHER RECORD

The Cunard liner Mauretania, holder of the westbound transatlantic speed record, has added new laurels by establishing a new eastbound record, according to cable advices to the Cunard Line.

The ship, which left April 26, arrived at Cherbourg at 3:46 a. m., having made the voyage from New York in 5 days, 8 hours and 56 minutes. This is said to be eight hours faster than any other run ever recorded between these two ports.

The Mauretania's record run from Queenstown to New York was made in 4 days 10 hours and 41 minutes. The record day's run was 676 knots, an average of 28.16 knots per hour. The total average speed for the voyage was 26.06 knots. At that time she was a coal burner and she is now equipped for fuel oil. On her first voyage to this port predictions were made that she would lower her own record, and the belief that she will do so in time is shared by her commander and her officers.

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Abandoned In a Mine

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

In the summer of 1850 three men penetrated that part of Colorado which is now known as Gunnison County. The party consisted of a Cornishman named Hall, an American sailor named Goff, and a Spanish Indian, whose surname of Juarez was corrupted into "Horace" by his companions.

They came from California Gulch and were looking for gold. In those days the presence of silver was not suspected in that part of the "Rockies," and the mines were all "placers." They were all adventurers, and Goff and the Spaniard were, in addition to that, frontier desperadoes of the worst class. They had fallen together haphazard, and started on their venture upon fortune with a few weeks' rations packed on a mule, their tools, arms and the clothes they stood in.

They found eventually a promising spot, and went into camp. It was on the margin of a little stream, where the sand at first showed gold in the washing pans; but, after a time the placer played out, and certain surface croppings prompted them to sink a shaft.

As they went down the ore that they encountered—a sort of rotten quartz—seemed continually on the point of growing richer, but continually failed. So a month's time found them with an unprofitable hole of fifty feet, worn out, discouraged, angry—in brief, ripe for trouble of any kind. Hall had favored going on with the work; the other two were eager to abandon it, and reproached him with the failure. This led to hard words, quarrels, and nights when never a word was spoken at all.

One morning all three went to the shaft, Hall and Horace descending, and Goff remaining above to work the windlass. They ascended and descended by means of a rude rope ladder, as one man's strength did not suffice to draw them up in a bucket. In the course of an hour or two the Spaniard made some excuse to return to the surface, and while he was gone Hall filled the bucket. He gave the signal, and up it went, but when he turned to his pick again he heard a peculiar noise, and looked around to see the rope ladder being withdrawn.

It was then a dozen feet above his head. At that his veins ran ice and his peril flashed before his mind as clear as day.

"Hello, above there," he shouted. "Don't take that ladder away from me."

By that time both ladder and bucket were clear of the shaft, and the flat, sinister face of the American peered over the edge.

"Bawl away, lad!" he called tauntingly. "We'll give you something to bawl about!"

"You ain't going to leave me here, are you?" yelled the miner.

The Spaniard appeared at the verge, with a lump of rock in his hands.

"What for you cry?" he said. "You love the

mine—ver' good—you stay in him; stop now, or I smash you dead."

But the American remonstrated. It was a bit of cruelty more to his fancy to let the fellow starve there; and at last, laughing heartily, they waved him adieu, and went away. Ten minutes later he heard the hoofs patter down the gulch, and he knew he was abandoned.

Hall sat down and tried to think. He knew that rescue by other miners was impossible, for they were the only white men in the district. Discovery by Indians was only a contingency almost equally remote, and such a thing would mean nothing less than the stake.

The sides of the shaft were not timbered, and it was altogether out of the question to attempt to climb them.

He was caught like a trapped rat, and turn the issue however he would it took no other form than death. In a few hours he must begin to suffer from thirst; in a few hours more from hunger; then all the hideous stages of famine and madness. He was buried alive. His hair stood on end at the thought, and spurred by terror, he leaped to his feet and split the air with shrieks and curses.

The hollow shaft echoed them back again until his lungs wore themselves out and he was still. The situation was deadly in its very simplicity, but still he could not make up his mind to die.

Between his paroxysms of horror he gathered his senses and conjured up and dismissed a thousand and hopeless plans.

Only one did he attempt to put into execution; that was to cut steps in the shaft sides. He carved a dozen with his pick, but the soft formation crumbled under his toes, and he knew it was vain. Thus the balance of the day passed, and the night.

Morning found him pacing a circle at the bottom of the shaft, his eyes glassy, his breath coming in gasps, and his hand weaving the air in aimless gesticulation. The torments of thirst and hunger, augmented a hundredfold by anticipation, were upon him.

Sometimes he sobbed like a child, sometimes he dropped on his knees and tried to pray, and again he sprang to his feet with a jargon of oaths shook his clenched fist, and called on his murderers to meet him in perdition.

When he looked upward he saw a blue disc of sky, cut in twain by the windlass bar. He stared at this, and as he stared he gave a sudden yell of joy. He seized his pick and scrutinized the handle. It was made of stout, well-seasoned hickory, and very carefully he split off a piece from end to end about the size of his thumb. Then he tapered it gently at the extremities. It was true and elastic, and sprung under his fingers like steel.

This done he snatched off his boots. Thanks to the love of an old mother back in England, he wore long blue stockings, knitted of sound, homely yarn. He loosened a strand with trembling touch, and it unraveled readily.

In a little while it lay in a coil at his feet. Then he stood erect and stripped himself of his flannels, and tore his clothing, piece by piece, to strips. He tried and tested them. It was not long enough.

He split his leather belt in two; he twisted his braces into cord; his coat was lined with a twilled stuff that pulled apart in strands, and gave him twenty feet more. He would have stripped stark naked, but his underclothes were made of goods too flimsy to stand the strain.

At last he judged he had enough, and set about to fashion an arrow from the balance of his pick. He made one heavy at one end, and light in the shaft, and strung the other piece to the bow with braided yarn. He laid the balance of the yarn in a loose circle, tied the end to the arrow, and, with his heart throbbing like mad, made ready.

By this time it was afternoon. At the first attempt the arrow struck the side and clattered back, bringing some loose dirt with it. He re-laid the yarn and tried again.

Up went the arrow and dropped outside. The miner felt the sweat start on his forehead, and very tenderly, lest he should break the string, he drew it in again.

The next time he did not dare look up. Had he done so he would have seen the arrow leap straight and true into the open air, pause for an instant like a bird on the wing, and drop back on the other side of the windlass shaft.

It fell at his feet, and when he saw the cord suspended in the air he burst into wild tears of joy. His hand shook so that he could scarcely attach the rope, but it was made fast at last and went slowly up and back again.

He waited not an instant, but, gathering his strength for a final effort, he seized the rope and started up, hand over hand.

But before he ascended a dozen feet he was seized with a premonition, so potent that he slid back, and, tearing an old letter in two, penciled his name and story on the margin.

"That in case of accident," he muttered, between his teeth.

And well he did so. Had he forgotten it, this story at least would never have been told, for when he was within a fathom of the top—when his haggard eyes had caught the green crests of the pines, and the free air of heaven was in his mouth—the weak rope broke, and he fell headlong into space.

Some wandering miners found his corpse the next year. The American and the Spaniard, Juarez, were never heard of again.

ONE CENT A MONTH

About a year ago a bright looking young man entered our counting-room in response to an advertisement for an assistant shipping-clerk. He told the usual tale of how he desired a position more than wages for the time being, and was willing to accept a nominal salary to start in on. The proprietor was feeling in particularly good humor that afternoon, and said pleasantly:

"Well, sir, what would you consider a nominal salary? What would you be willing to accept in beginning?"

"I want to show you, sir, that I mean business, and I will work for one cent the remainder of this

month, providing you think it would not be too much to double my salary each month thereafter."

"That's a novel proposition, surely," said the proprietor, with a smile. "Do you know what you're talking about, my dear boy?"

"Well, sir, my principal aim is to learn the business," responded the young fellow, "and I would be almost willing to work for nothing, but I'd like to feel and be able to say that I was earning something, you know."

"I'll take you," remarked the proprietor, decisively. "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight cents, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for a while," he added.

He took him up to the cashier. "This is John Smith," he said. "He will go to work as assistant shipping-clerk to-morrow. His salary will be one cent this month. Double it every month from now on."

"In consideration of my working for this small salary might I ask you to assure me a position for a definite period?" inquired John Smith.

"We don't usually do that," replied the proprietor, "but we can't lose much on you, anyhow, I guess, and you look like an honest fellow. How long do you want employment?"

"Three years, sir, if agreeable to you."

The proprietor agreed, and young Mr. Smith, on pretense of wanting some evidence of the stability of his place, got him to write out and sign a paper that he had been guaranteed a position in the house for three years on the terms stated.

He worked along for six months without drawing a cent. He said he would draw all his earnings at Christmas. The cashier one day thought he'd figure up how much would be coming to the young man. He grew so interested in the project that he kept multiplying for three years. The result almost staggered him. This is the column of figures he took to the proprietor:

First month, .01; second, .02; third, .04; fourth, .08; fifth, .16; sixth, .32; seventh, .64; eighth, \$1.28; ninth, \$2.56; tenth, \$5.12; eleventh, \$10.24; twelfth, \$20.48; thirteenth, \$40.96; fourteenth, \$81.92; fifteenth, \$163.84; sixteenth, \$327.68; seventeenth, \$655.36; eighteenth, \$1,311.72; nineteenth, \$2,623.54; twentieth, \$5,247.08; twenty-first, \$10,494.16; twenty-second, \$20,988.32; twenty-third, \$41,976.64; twenty-fourth, \$82,953.28; twenty-fifth, \$165,906.56; twenty-sixth, \$331,813.12; twenty-seventh, \$663,626.24; twenty-eighth, \$1,327,252.48; twenty-ninth, \$2,654,504.90; thirtieth, \$5,309,009.80; thirty-first, \$10,618,019.60; thirty-second, \$21,236,039.20; thirty-third, \$42,472,078.40; thirty-fourth, \$84,944,156.80; thirty-fifth, \$169,888,313.60; thirty-sixth, \$339,776,627.20; total salary for three years, \$552,554,253.65.

The proprietor nearly fainted when he understood how, even if he were twice as rich as Vanderbilt, he would be ruined in paying John Smith's salary. He concluded to discharge the modest young man at once. Smith had figured up how much would be due him and reminded the proprietor of his written agreement. Rather than take chances in the courts and let everybody know how he had been duped, he paid Smith \$5,000 and bade him good-by.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 7, 1922

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

COLD AIR FROM HER WELL

A woman at Newark, N. J., has a dry artesian well which always emits a stream of cold dry air. This she has had piped through her house, where it is used for drying clothes, and in place of ice, and for keeping the house cool in summer.

SEA HORSE DISAPPEARING

The sea horse (hippocampus) is becoming scarcer in the North Atlantic, and the Scientific American suggests that this is due to the large quantities of heavy oils used as fuel by ocean-going vessels. This oil kills the tiny crustaceans which are the sole food of the little sea horse.

FIND MASTODON TUSKS

"Was Pratt County, Kan., at one time the grazing ground for mastodons?"

Such is the question the citizens of the county are asking themselves. A fragment of a tusk ten inches in diameter was found a few days ago while digging a ditch, and Prof. Rufus Gray of the Pratt High School believes it is from a giant mastodon, a skeleton of which was found thirty years ago in the same neighborhood.

The ribs of this skeleton were eleven feet across, indicating a height of twenty-five feet or more. This skeleton, according to old time citizens, was found in nearly the same spot as the tusk was found.

OWNS MOST VALUABLE PECAN TREE

What is said to be the most valuable pecan tree in the United States is situated near Concrete, Tex. It is owned by A. B. Roth, a farmer, who was offered and refused \$1,000 for the tree as it stands. From the nuts of this tree Roth is planting a 100-acre pecan tree orchard. The trees are being planted in squares sixty feet apart. The nuts of the remarkable tree are large and of the soft shell variety. They are in such demand for planting purposes that they sell readily for 50 cents a pound.

When the little pecan trees are two years old

they will be budded with buds from the parent tree, which will assure their bearing true to the original stock.

Roth, from a few trees on his place, sold over \$2,000 worth of trees last year. As there will be 1,600 trees on the 100 acres, and buds from only the best tree will be used, it should produce a fortune in ten years, according to pecan growing authorities.

Because of the deep rooting system of the pecan, the general farm work will not be interfered with and the trees will not interrupt the growing of crops on the land, cultivation of which will force growth upon the trees, it is explained.

LAUGHS

Mrs. A.—What did your husband say when he saw the bill for your new gown? Mrs. B.—I didn't hear. I started to play on the piano.

Friend—Does the new landlady at your boarding house appear to be getting a living out of it? Boarder—Yes, she is, but we are not.

He—They tell me Jones is Cornish by birth—She—How strange that it should run in the family! I thought they were always caused by tight shoes.

"Hubby," said Mrs. Begg, "I want a new ring." "All right, my dear," acquiesced her lord and master. "I'll have the electrician put in a new door-bell to-morrow."

Sonny—Aw, pop, I don't want to study arithmetic. Pop—What! a son of mine grow up and not be able to figure up baseball scores and batting averages? Never!

"Well, dear, I guess the honeymoon is over." "Why do you say that?" pouted the bride. "I've been taking stock and find I'm down to two dollars and sixty-five cents."

"Since you have decided not to marry me, please give me my presents back." "Well, of all the nerve! You're the first man I've ever been engaged to that showed such a mean spirit."

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with skates over her arm. "I've just been roller-skating and I'm tired of sitting down."

First Newsboy—A guy handed me a half dollar for a paper dis morning. I went outer de depot to get de change, an' when I came back he was gone. Second Newsboy—How long was you gone for de change? First Newsboy—'Bout two hours.

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FROM ALL POINTS

SKELETON OF BARBARIAN TIMES FOUND
IN GENEVA

While digging a trench in his vineyard, at Chancy (near Geneva), a peasant found a human skull and bones placed in a sort of crypt.

These remains date apparently from the time of the great Barbarian invasions; they were lying on a sheet of limestone as is found in Burgundian and Alemannic tombs.

Another interesting discovery has been made in the town of Geneva on a spot where old houses are being pulled down. The workmen have brought to light many rows of well preserved oak statues 9 feet high. They mark the place where the shore of the lake stood at the time of the Romans. It is not yet known whether they formed part of the Gallo-Roman port of Geneva or supported lake dwellings. They are at a distance of 450 yards from the present shore of the lake.

KILLED CHICKS IN EGGS

Joseph Diefenbach, a veteran musician and an amateur poultry raiser, will have to decide whether to discontinue raising poultry or give up playing his bass viol at home. He has discovered the two will not harmonize in the home.

His wife objected to his playing the bass viol in the living room owing to the constant vibration, and he arranged a place in the basement where he could practise. He also had four settings of eggs, fifty-two in all, about ready to hatch in the basement.

Diefenbach became worried when the eggs failed to hatch and investigation disclosed a dead chick in each egg. He was unable to determine the cause and consulted an expert. He was informed that the vibration from the bass viol playing had killed the chicks.

CUELESS BILLIARD EXPERT

There have been all sorts of freaks in the athletic world, including the handless billiard wonder, the armless harness horse racing driver, the one-armed golfer and the three-fingered baseball pitcher, but it remains for Sam Weinfeld, young Hungarian, to come to bat as the cueless billiard expert.

Weinfeld, who is just twenty-one years old, has been doing this trick for years; in fact, since the age of six. He makes the most difficult shots with his fingers—shots that the world's wizards of the cue, Willie Hoppe, Jake Schaefer, Caesar Conti and others find trouble executing with their sticks.

Weinfeld's skill seems uncanny. He gives the cue ball a peculiar twist, much after the fashion of the small boy shooting marbles, and claims he can close his eyes and locate the ball. He also says he is able to make forty points at straight rail while his opponent is making five at three-cushion.

The young wizard recently arrived from abroad, having given special exhibitions in the billiard halls of European capitals.

HATED THE WHITES

Peter Waiska, eighty-seven years old, the last of the Waiskas, proudest branch of the long line of Chippewa Indian chiefs, is dead.

The aged Indian carried with him to his grave the strain of pride and all his hatred of the "whites," which for years made the Waiska Indians the outstanding braves of the many tribes inhabiting the Great Lakes section. He died of exposure to the cold, an element which for years he scoffed at.

The Waiskas inhabited the region now known as the Bay Hills and the Waiska River and Bay district in Chippewa County, Mich., when the first white missionaries and settlers pushed their way into the wilderness. The tribe, with its centuries old pride, looked with disfavor on the white man, who came and cleared their lands and then broke them with a plough.

Peter Waiska until the last maintained the same feeling of hatred that befitted the final survivor of his race. His friends say that he grew more and more melancholy year by year as he watched the forest disappear and the white men's modern inventions take their place.

KEPT COFFIN UNDER HER BED FOR
25 YEARS

The coffin that Mrs. Eliza Bass kept under her bed for 25 years has at last been put to use. The old woman has died at the age of ninety-four and they have buried her, as she commanded, in the rude box that kept her close and constant company for so long.

Its proximity soothed her and made her slumbers more satisfactory. She always declared, moreover, it kept her lonely little house on the edge of the village as safe from chicken thieves and other marauders as if she had a pack of fierce bull dogs to protect her.

The negro population of Lumberton, N. C., and the surrounding country had a deadly fear of the old woman's house. They would go hundreds of yards out of their way to keep from passing near it.

Back in 1898 Mrs. Bass became ill and Arren Ivey, an old carpenter, was brought into the room and instructed as to how the coffin should be made. In a few days a nice box made of heart pine and varnished black was brought into the room and, at the old woman's request, placed under her bed. Immediately she grew better. This happened several times in subsequent years.

"Why do you get well every time when they bring the coffin out from under the bed?" she was once asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," she said. "I hate coffins as much as anybody. So when I see it, it makes me hate to die so bad that I just naturally gets well."

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Mystery Magazine."

GOOD READING

CRACK-PROOF GLASS GLOBES FOR GAS

A series of opal globes, designed for use with the incandescent gaslight, recently placed on the market in England, will survive the most severe conditions of heat without cracking, says the Scientific American. Every housewife who has had trouble with the usual glass globe knows how expensive and dangerous the ordinary form is, with its short life and frequent crackings.

The new material changes all this. There is absolutely no chance of its cracking through overheating, even if a mantle breaks and the flame impinges direct on the globe or shade. For it is vitreous silica, silica fused in the intense heat of the electric arc (at a temperature of over 400 degrees F.) and allowed to cool into the many beautiful and artistic forms in which it is available.

The great characteristic of this fused silica is that its coefficient of expansion is practically nil. From this cause arises its immunity from damage by sharp changes of heat. We have seen a piece of this material dipped into water, placed wet in a Bunsen gas flame and heated to bright redness, and then suddenly thrown into cold water. No apparent change took place, and this drastic treatment may be repeated indefinitely without the "vitreosil" (as it is called) losing its beautiful glaze or its characteristic semi-transparency. This latter property, which bestows upon light transmitted through it a delightful soft effect, is due to the presence of innumerable minute air bubbles throughout the whole body of the material.

PROTECTING THE FUR SEAL

The Pacific fur seal herd is on the move. The annual migration to the northward has begun, and the vanguard will shortly appear off the coast of Washington and British Columbia, leading the way to the summer rendezvous on the Pribiloff Islands in the middle of Bering Sea. All winter long the seals have been scattered through the South Pacific, but as spring approaches the mating instinct turns their heads to the North and they converge toward the California coast and then follow their time-worn groove along the Western coast of the United States, British Columbia and Alaska, the milestones of their route being the deep sea fishing banks where succulent salmon, halibut and other fish keep them sleek and fat.

Few, if any, other animals are so carefully pampered and nursed by Uncle Sam, and except for such fostering the fur seal probably now would be an extinct animal. With the exception of a small colony that summers on the Commander Islands, off the coast of Kamchatka, Siberia, the herd which propagates on the Pribiloffs is the only fur seal herd known to be in existence.

When Alaska was purchased from Russia the seals on the Pribiloff Islands numbered, accord-

ing to various official estimates, from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 animals, but due to ruthless operations by sealers of many nations, the herds were decimated annually. The United States Government, year after year, endeavored to negotiate treaties for the protection of the seals. In 1891 a measure of success was obtained in a treaty with Great Britain which practically eliminated Canadian sealers.

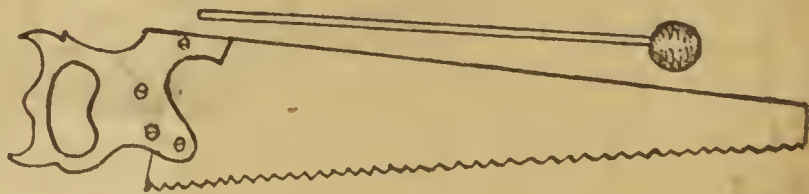
The massacre of the herds continued, however. Numerous schooners, flying the Japanese flag annually reaped a rich harvest, and the Japanese government steadfastly refused to interfere with the enterprise. Finally, in 1911, when the herds by unrestrained pelagic sealing had been reduced to approximately 250,000 animals, the efforts of the United States were rewarded and a treaty among four nations—Russia, Great Britain, Japan and the United States—was negotiated to continue in force for 15 years.

This agreement prohibited any of the nationals of the signatory powers from taking seals at any time anywhere, with the provision, however, that agents of the United States might take a few thousand skins each year from bachelor males, summering on the Pribiloffs. This does not interfere with the propagation of the herds. By the terms of the treaty the United States not only amply rewarded the nations for any loss sustained by their nationals, but agreed to give annually 15 per cent. of the proceeds of the skins taken from the few animals killed.

During the months of April, May and June this year, the cutter Snohomish will guard the herd along the route between the Columbia River and the Alaskan boundary, and the cutter Unalga from the latter point to the entrance to Bering Sea. After the middle of June, the herd, with the exception of a few stragglers, will have passed into Bering Sea and three other coast guard vessels will maintain a rigid guard there.

Musical Handsaw

Greatest Novelty of the Age



If you can carry a tune in your head, you can learn to play this instrument, and secure a job on the stage at a good salary. No musical education necessary. Struck with a specially made mallet the perfectly tempered saw produces loud, clear, rich tones like a cello. The same effect may be had by using a violin bow on the edge. Any tune can be played by the wonderful vibrations of the saw. It requires two weeks' practice to make you an expert. When not playing you can work with the saw. It is a useful tool as well as a fine instrument.

Price of Saw, Mallet and Instructions.....\$5

HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

GOLDFISH IN SUBWAY

Nobody would ever expect to find goldfish in the subway, but they are there. If sceptics doubt this take a trip over to the Atlantic avenue station of the Interborough and see. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the thousands of passengers who pass that point daily are aware of the aquarium that stands near the window of the signal station at the north end of the station platform.

The Long Island commuter had passed it many times before he noticed it. One morning he caught a glimpse of it as the train speeded by. The following day he determined to investigate.

The aquarium is about two feet long and eighteen inches high. One of the men employed in the signal station who is a lover of outdoors placed it there and tends it.

"It is a rather odd place to keep an aquarium, isn't it?" he remarked. "Well, I like flowers, but I can't grow them here under the street. So I tried an experiment with goldfish and they are thriving in their subterranean atmosphere. Down here in the darkness, away from the sunshine, the fish help me to pass the hours away. They aren't any trouble and they give me pleasure."

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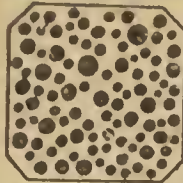
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New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

On legal affidavit, John Hart Brittain, Business man, certified to this: "My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

"Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs." Mr. Brittain certified further:

INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade. I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, alopecia areata or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss A. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

KOTALKO

FOR FALLING HAIR
BALDNESS, DANDRUFF

For Sale at all
Busy Drug Stores

as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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contains GENUINE BEAR OIL and other potent ingredients. No alcohol, no shampoo; but a hair elixir of wonderful efficacy. All ingredients are safe and harmless, even for a child's scalp and hair. Positively KOTALKO is one delightfully reliable hair preparation that succeeds upon genuine merit. Buy a box of KOTALKO at the drug store. Or ask for Kotalko at the toilet goods or drug counter of any large department store. Remember the name. Accept nothing else as "just as good." \$300.00 GUARANTEE. Or if you send 10 cents (silver or stamps), you will receive a PROOF BOX of Kotalko with BROCHURE, postpaid. Determine NOW to eliminate DANDRUFF, to treat BALDNESS, to STOP HAIR FROM FALLING. Get a box of guaranteed KOTALKO, apply once or twice daily; watch in your mirror. For PROOF BOX (10 cents, none otherwise) write to

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After hair growth



Photo when bald.



Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair.

SAVING MONEY NATION'S STRENGTH

In a letter to Stuart W. Wells, president of a Minneapolis, Minn., bank, who had requested an expression on the subject of Thrift and systematic saving of money, the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, said:

"It has always been a firm conviction with me that ability to save money is one of the essential elements in individual success. The economic habits of the people are a fair index to the economic strength of the Nation. I know, therefore, of no more influential effect that could be made upon American society than that the practice of saving money should become universal.

"In continuing the Treasury savings movement after the close of the recent war it was the object of the Treasury Department that the economic habits developed in America during the war might be made permanent and that the saving and safe investment of money might become a universal practice. Let me assure you that any effort on the part of the banking institutions to improve the financial condition of the people through the saving of money has the hearty indorsement of the Treasury Department."

DESERT WASTES MAPPED BY AID OF RADIO TIME

Many new details have now been added to the map of the Mesopotamian desert, by blazing of the trail for the Cairo - Bagdad air route and the method adopted to locate the exact position of the new geographical features has something of the romantic in it.

A small party of surveyors set out to cross the desert from Cairo to Bagdad to discover and mark suitable landing grounds. Before their departure the map of this region, which had never before had been crossed by Europeans, was a blank. They made use of the stars for fixing their exact position, a method which entails an exact knowledge of the time. To this end a small wireless receiving set was carried, and every night at about 10:30 o'clock the chief surveyor would listen on it for the time signals sent out by the Eiffel Tower and was thus able to correct his time to a tenth of a second.

It is a romance of modern invention that a wireless operator in the centre of a great city should work his sounding key and all unknown to himself enable some stranger over 2,000 miles away to locate his position in the middle of a desert.

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Keep one of these brand new safety automatics in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold-up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises down stairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

You owe it to your FAMILY and to your EARNINGS which are so hard to get. What would you say if you LOST ALL just because you failed to PROTECT THEM?

Buy one of these automatic revolvers and always be FULLY PROTECTED. Handsome guaranteed blue steel, gun metal finish. HAS WONDERFUL SAFETY and is practically "Fool Proof." Accurate aim, rifled barrel, hard rubber comfortable grips, safety lever. SMALL. LIES flat in pocket. Shoots all standard make cartridges.

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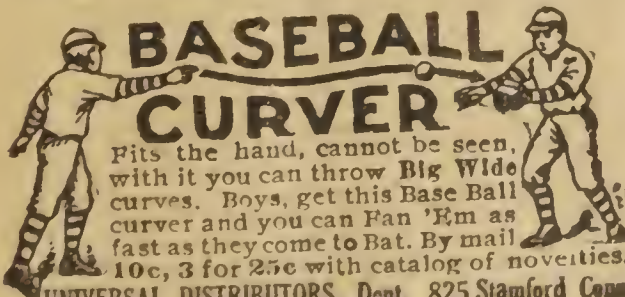
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A Secret

How Actors and Actresses
Overcome Obesity and
Reduce Their Figures
Gracefully

HOW TO BE SLENDER

People wonder how it is that actresses and actors maintain their graceful figures, their buoyancy and liveness when the tendency is to become stout.

The popular theory that these heroines and heroes of the stage and the movies follow rigid systems of self-starvation (fasting) and strenuous exercising is erroneous. If they were to do this, they could not be so vigorous or supple. They would be unfit for their duties.

Neither can these performers take drastic drugs such as thyroid extract, salts, purgatives, etc., for reducing their weight, for those are injurious and weakening.

There is a very efficacious self-treatment which consists in taking a harmless compound and following simple directions. The name of this is Korein.

By following this method, the superfluous fat may be eliminated without causing any wrinkles. Flabbiness disappears. Indeed, the flesh becomes firm, while the skin is kept white and velvety.

If you find yourself too stout, you should lose no time in getting a box of Korein tablets at the drug store. With each box is a cash refund guarantee of weight reduction if easy directions are followed.

When you have lost whatever surplus adiposity you desire, it will be easy for you to maintain a graceful, slender figure. By the Korein (pronounced koreen) system persons have reduced from five to sixty pounds, according to their requirements of health, normalcy and beauty.

There is usually a wonderful improvement in the health and mind. Irritability disappears and is replaced by cheerfulness. You see things in an optimistic light, your efficiency is developed—you are your real self. Surely this is better for you than to have your beauty spoiled by gross fatness. Enjoy life and hold the esteem of others.

A booklet is published called "Reduce Weight Happily" which will be mailed free (in plain wrapper) if you write to Korein Company, NM-375, Station X, New York. You would do well to obtain this treatise, for it contains much information of value to you—if you are overstout, or gradually becoming so. Correspondence confidential.

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